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PRINCESS PUCK.

CHAPTER XV.

MR. WAGNALL was an antiquary, avowedly an antiquary. A man of means and leisure, he had ample time to devote to his subject, and so well had he devoted it that there was unknown to him little that was strange in family tradition and village history throughout the Eastern Counties, which, as his birthplace and home, were the principal scenes of his research. He never studied architecture or building to any great extent; churches, Druidical stones, and Roman remains had little charm for him; the land and those who owned it chiefly claimed his attention. He had at one time intended to follow the profession of the law, and had spent his earlier days in a solicitor's office; it was this early training, possibly, which gave him his taste for family histories and involved land-tenures. One other thing he owed to it,—and that was of more obvious value than his love of land-lore—a friend, in the person of a former fellow-student now developed into Stevens, solicitor of Wrugglesby, consulted by Mr. Johnson on the subject of the Harborough chapel and the service held therein.

Now and again Mr. Wagnall visited his friend at Wrugglesby, and it happened that this very subject of the Harborough chapel and service

brought him there at the time that Gilchrist Harborough was arranging his matrimonial affairs at Ashelton. About that time Mr. Stevens, remembering that he had not seen his friend lately, wrote to invite him to the little town, at the same time mentioning such affairs of interest as had recently taken place. The Harborough service was not a recent event, but he had not written since it occurred, and, knowing his friend's love of such things, he used it, and the chance of investigating it, as an inducement to his friend to visit Wrugglesby. Events justified his expectations; Mr. Wagnall accepted his invitation, came to Wrugglesby at the earliest possible date, and plagued his host with questions, seeking information about "this most interesting revival."

Mr. Stevens was obliged to confess himself not very well informed on the subject, but in a happy moment Mrs. Stevens thought of inviting Mr. and Mrs. Johnson to meet the antiquary. She had no notion of satisfying his thirst for information, her idea being solely to give an entertainment. She was a lady of aspiring mind, and longed for society on other lines than those obtainable at the solemn dinners and more humble teas which were the vogue in Wrugglesby.

Mr. Johnson was particularly flattered by the pointed way in which

Mr. Wagnall singled him out for conversation, and the interest with which he listened to all he had to say about the Harborough chapel and service. Considering the warmth his feelings still retained on these subjects, he was a little disappointed to find his patient listener of the opinion that the family had a right to hold a service in their own chapel, according to their professed religion, even during the time of morning-prayer.

"Mind, I do not say they have a legal right," the antiquary said, "though I am of opinion it would be difficult to get a decision against them; but whatever their legal right, they have a moral right, most decidedly a moral right. I think your rector was wise in his determination to take no steps in the matter; it is not an occurrence likely to be repeated. It has not been done within anyone's memory until this time; it has not been repeated since then, and take my word for it, sir, it never will be. It was done to revive an old right, my dear sir, that is what it was done for, to revive an old right and establish a claim; an old family does not like to let its traditions lapse entirely."

Mr. Johnson thought this was a very probable explanation of the "outrage," though, as he pointed out, there was no necessity for the mass to have been said during morning-service; the claim could have been established without that.

"Well, yes, yes," Mr. Wagnall admitted; "still it would hardly have been so emphatic; no, in those circumstances, it would not have been so emphatic."

Mr. Johnson again agreed with him. He also asked Mr. Wagnall if he would care to walk over some day and have a look at the Harborough chapel, offering to act as cicerone should he do so. Mr.

Wagnall accepted the offer with pleasure, and from that they got to talking about the Harboroughs and their family history, with which Mr. Wagnall was very well acquainted, though he did not attempt to set the clergyman right even when he gave sundry strange pieces of information about them. There was, however, one piece of information given which was both new and interesting to Mr. Wagnall,—the existence of Gilchrist Harborough of Crows' Farm.

"A member of the family he—" "may be," Mr. Johnson was going to say, preparatory to enlarging upon his nature and pursuits, but Mr. Wagnall cut him short.

"Of course he is a member of the family," he said; "Gilchrist is a family name, the next heir to the property is a Gilchrist. You would not get Gilchrist and Harborough in combination without some connection with the old stock."

"Just so," said Mr. Johnson, "just so, a member of the family, although he comes from Australia; a younger branch, I have heard it suggested, though he claims no connection with the Harboroughs of Gurnett."

"Not a younger branch," Mr. Wagnall's tone was emphatic; "not a younger branch, or he could claim something more than a connection."

Unfortunately for Mr. Johnson's further enlightenment the conversation was interrupted here, not to be resumed again that evening, and he had to content himself with waiting to hear more until Mr. Wagnall should come to Ashelton. But Mr. Wagnall did not have to wait so long for his enlightenment, for he questioned his host at the earliest opportunity. From him he learnt little, for Mr. Stevens was not professionally connected with Harborough of Gurnett, although he had sometimes done a little legal

work for the agent during the master's long absences abroad. Owing to this he knew something of the affairs of the estate, and, like most people in the neighbourhood, he also knew the name, age, and whereabouts of the next heir, and sundry of the reports concerning Mr. Harborough besides. But of Harborough of Crows' Farm he knew little, except that he was an Australian with a theory, that he worked his own farm, and that he himself had been favourably impressed by the young man on the occasion when he had personally come across him. "But," he concluded, "I shouldn't wonder if he was in at the office to-morrow as it is market-day. He is thinking of buying a bit of meadow which cuts into his land, and I should not wonder if he were to look in during the afternoon to see me about it. You might drop in and meet him if you like; but I tell you beforehand that he won't repay investigation or appreciate it either, and he certainly won't know anything about the affair of the mass."

Mr. Wagnall was by no means discouraged, and determined to look in at the office on Thursday afternoon in case the lawyer's anticipation proved correct. It did so; Harborough presented himself somewhere about four o'clock, and almost before his business was discussed, Mr. Wagnall also presented himself and was duly introduced to the younger man as one interested in antiquities in general and family histories in particular. Harborough himself had small interest in such things, but he was quite willing to sympathise with another, and obligingly gave all the information he could concerning himself and his family. Of the Harboroughs of Gurnett, their history and chapel, he knew even less than Mr. Johnson, but of himself and his own people he told all he could.

"But," he asked, "what purpose does it serve? We are a long way from this part of the family, a younger branch who emigrated years ago."

"If you are a younger branch in direct line, if you can prove such a thing,—and I cannot help saying I think it would be difficult—it would be—very interesting."

"Why? Is there no younger branch? You mean to say you think we come of bastard stock?"

"No, oh dear no, not at all, not necessarily. Only the Harboroughs used to hold their estates according to an old tenure by which the property goes to the youngest instead of the eldest son, and if you really were the representative of a younger branch than those in possession—"

"I could claim?"

"Nonsense," the lawyer here broke in, "the Harboroughs have given up that manner of succession for several generations."

"It could be revived," Mr. Wagnall suggested; "it would be interesting to revive it, as interesting as reviving the right to hold service in the chapel."

"Interesting from an antiquarian point of view it might be," Mr. Stevens observed drily; "but Mr. Harborough here would find it an expensive form of amusement. Old Mr. Harborough has been in possession at Wood Hall for over fifty years, and it would take something considerable to turn him out now. Why, bless you, my friend, if I had squatted unmolested at Wood Hall for all those years you would find it difficult to turn me out, though I had not a shadow of right to the place originally. Possession is rather more than nine points of the law if you only have it long enough; whatever the weakness of Old Harborough's original claim you would find it a tough and expensive job to make your own good now."

Gilchrist Harborough laughed at the lawyer's warmth. "I was not thinking of making a claim," he said; "I would rather invest my surplus cash in other and more profitable ways than fighting for encumbered estates."

Mr. Stevens applauded such a decision. "Quite right," he said, "quite right, though the estate is hardly so much encumbered as people think; of late years old Harborough has lived carefully, and things are not so bad as they are made out to be. I don't mean to say the place is free; it is not, and no doubt the next man will get into a worse state than ever, for they are all alike, an extravagant lot. But I believe a careful man with a little capital and reasonable ideas, in fact not a Harborough—beg pardon, I was not thinking of you—might do a good deal towards getting things straight."

"You think so?" Harborough asked. "They have got to get their reasonable man first, and they don't seem great at producing such articles. As for me, I don't belong to them; and if I did I don't know that I can lay claim to all your requirements, small capital and reasonable ideas as well. At any rate, I don't think I am the man for the job; it does not seem that I am within measurable distance of the base of operations."

He turned to Mr. Wagnall as he spoke, but the lawyer answered for him. "No, no, certainly not," he said; but Mr. Wagnall asked: "Are you sure that your family is a younger branch? May it not be an elder, but, owing to the fact that the idea of disqualification is usually associated with the younger ones, you have in the course of time come to consider yourself as such?"

Harborough allowed this to be possible, though he hardly thought it the case. Mr. Wagnall hardly

thought it likely either. "So far as I know anything about the family," he said, "it is not very likely, the Harboroughs have not been such a prolific family that the elder and younger ones need be confused. There never have been many of them; the heads of the house, as a rule, lived hard and died young, their legitimate children have been few in number. Indeed," the antiquary went on turning to Stevens, "when you say the old manner of succession has fallen into disuse you are hardly doing them justice, for there has not been much choice lately. The family is practically extinct when the old man dies; he has no children living; the heir is the only grandson of his only sister, not a Harborough at all except that he has been given the name. He is an only son, too, the sole representative of the younger generation,—strange how these old families seem to wear themselves out."

Gilchrist Harborough did not think it strange at all, neither did he think it to be regretted; the only thing which surprised him in the matter was the interest felt in them and the detailed record kept of their history. "It is not as if they were anything much," he said, "or had done anything much; they are only twopenny-halfpenny country squires who have never done anything worth remembering; in fact, the only thing which can be said about them is that they have been a little more rich and a good deal less respectable than their yeoman neighbours."

Such a view was not likely to commend itself to the antiquary, but as he was unable to make his own view any more commendable to young Harborough, he had to content himself with admitting the family under discussion to be country squires, and

to have been country squires so long that they counted themselves at least the equals of the newer nobility, and moreover to have kept their own records and traditions with jealous care from the days when their manor was first granted to them, at which times, doubtless, they were far other than they now were in the days of their decadence.

"If the records are kept with such care," Harborough observed, "it should be easy to see where I come in, if come in I do."

"Yes," Mr. Wagnall agreed; "I can put my finger on the only spot where at all recently we can expect to find that your people joined the common stock. I know something about the Harborough history; I was enabled through the good offices of a friend to study it at the time that I was writing my little volume on *EAST ANGLIAN HEIRSHIPS*. You have perhaps seen the book? It was noticed in several of the papers."

Harborough had not seen it, and it is to be feared he was less interested in it than in the family history. Mr. Stevens, seeing that his friend was now well mounted on his hobby, suggested that he and his listener should go into the private room, and leave the office clear for other visitors.

He half regretted being obliged to do so, for he felt he was giving the elder man an admirable opportunity for firing the imagination and ambition of the younger. Still, as the kind-hearted lawyer reflected, the young Australian was a cool and well-balanced individual with a not too exalted opinion of the value of landed property and old families to depreciate his idea of the prize at stake. "He won't take fire like a young fellow from about here," thought the lawyer, "but if he does he'll fight and fight to the end."

And again he wished he could have prevented this unearthing of family history. But it was too late, as he found when, after the young man had gone, he asked the elder one what had passed.

"He was very interested, very interested indeed," Mr. Wagnall said. "He seems to think it highly probable that he derives from the Gilchrist Harborough who turned Protestant and left England in 1843."

"In 1843," the lawyer said raising his eyebrows; "that brings it very near."

"Very near indeed," Mr. Wagnall replied with satisfaction; "but so he seems to think."

"Seems to think," Stevens repeated; "that is not worth much."

"To think that he is legitimately derived I should have said; he is positive that he is derived, he has excellent reasons for thinking so; it is a mere question of legitimacy."

"It often is with these respectable old families," Stevens observed drily. "What did you want to put all these ideas in his head for? You had much better have let him alone."

Mr. Wagnall did not think so; he considered the whole subject most interesting, and, as he pointed out, there was a good deal of information he could not have obtained without this talk with young Harborough.

"Who," Mr. Stevens said, "naturally does not regard the matter in the same placid way in which you do, seeing that he has a personal interest in it. By Jove, though, if it is as you say, and he can prove the legitimacy, he would have a good case, a very good case indeed. But he won't be able to prove it, sure not,—he would have an infernally good case if he could!"

From a purely legal point of view the subject had less interest for Mr.

Wagnall, who had no particular desire that the right man should come to his own; and in spite of a genial nature, he felt small compunction about the trouble which might possibly arise from his investigations.

"A nice hornet's nest you are likely to have routed out," said Mr. Stevens, who was differently constituted, "and a nice squabble there will be! If Harborough of Crows' Farm waits till the old man dies (and the chances are he won't last another winter), I should say it will be a bad look-out for young Kit Harborough. Not that the place is worth such a great deal, and I dare say he would muddle it if he got it; but it is hard to lose what you have always looked upon as your own. The Australian—" the lawyer laughed a little—"he's the man I described after all, the man with a little capital and reasonable ideas. He might pull the place round, cut down the timber, put some of the park-land under cultivation, drive the plough—"

But Mr. Wagnall cried out in dismay at such impossible barbarity. Nevertheless it was exactly what Gilchrist Harborough was thinking as he drove home by way of Gurnett, and looked thoughtfully at the woods and broad park-lands which surrounded the hall. It was exactly too what he said to Bill in the orchard on the next Sunday afternoon.

CHAPTER XVI.

It was now three weeks since the day when Gilchrist Harborough came to see Theresa and Polly, three weeks since they told Bill he loved her, almost three weeks since she found out what they meant by love and buried her dream among the tall weeds in the orchard-ditch. The grass was long in the orchard now, its flowers were covered in seed, brown

and yellow and purple dust blowing off at the lightest breath. The leaves on the trees were thick, so thick that when one looked up it seemed an unbroken roof of green. The year had grown older, much older, it was the first maturity of summer; the light was the warmer light of summer, the shadows the slow-moving shadows of summer; the scents, richer, fuller, were the scents of summer,—the pink briar-roses in the hedge, the wreath of honeysuckle from the tree, the hay half cut in the field beyond the lane. Spring had gone, and even if its indescribable freshness and youth were missing one could hardly ask for anything more than summer.

Bill's was a supremely contented disposition; after her one outburst on the night when Harborough did not make love to her she accepted fate resignedly. There was, as she herself had said, always to get up and have breakfast next morning even after a tragedy, and she was herself what in domestic parlance is called "a good getter up." So in the early morning after Harborough's formal offer of marriage, she thought the matter out and put it on a reasonable basis.

It is true he did not love her in the superlative and ideal way she had imagined, but then neither did other people seem to love in that way. She thought over the married couples of her acquaintance, and came to the conclusion that they loved each other after a fashion. Harborough must have loved her in a fashion, too, or else why had he sought to marry her, seeing how little she had to commend her? Yes, he must have loved her, even though he did not make love to her that night. There were two of him, she knew, and she also knew that she sometimes appealed to one of the two, the one that made love, the lesser and weaker part of his nature. In these circumstances

the other part, the cleverer, more dominant part, liked her well enough to ask her to be his wife. On the whole she did not find the situation impossible. Why should she? Her limited experience showed her no better things; her sunny philosophy led her to take the world as she found it, teaching her to judge it according to a more lenient and elastic standard than any ideal one. It is true that she did not in the present case quite extend this tolerance to Harborough; perhaps she unconsciously gauged his nature, and, measuring it by his own standards found his love wanting.

But on the whole she was moderately content, and certainly there was no possibility of avoiding the contract; honour demanded its fulfilment, and since it was unavoidable Bill was not likely to dwell on the dark side. She was pre-eminently of that nature which, when its hopes are wrecked, makes a fire of the driftwood to warm itself and its friends. Moreover, let it be remembered, to supreme ignorance and a sunny temperament the life marked out did not seem an unendurable one. "Besides," so she had concluded her reflections that morning when she faced facts, "there will be the farm and the dairy and heaps to do."

So Bill accepted matters, and she and Harborough established themselves on an easy and friendly footing in which love-making played but a small part. Theresa thought them an extraordinarily prosaic and matter-of-fact couple, but it suited Harborough well enough; he did not, as a rule, want to make love to Bill, and she did not now want him to make love to her; in fact, she would not now meet any of his overtures, and had a curiously wayward but uncompromising way of receiving his occasional tendernesses. Even in these early days

she had reason to be glad that he found there was a tantalising, untamed trait in her nature with which it would be hard to deal, and yet which constantly attracted while it annoyed him. He felt once or twice that he should like to come to close quarters with and understand it, even as he had come to close quarters on the night when he chased her like a shadow; but the moment for that was passed, and he could not recapture it; the shadow always eluded him now. This feeling occasionally troubled him, but not often, and in other respects he was satisfied. It was as a matter of course that he turned his steps to the orchard that Sunday afternoon, and as a matter of course he told Bill of Mr. Wagnall's words and the extraordinary possibilities they presented.

Bill listened with absorbed attention. Wood Hall, and all that concerned it, had a great fascination for her, but she could hardly realise that his words contained a bare chance of its coming within her own reach.

"You don't mean to say," she said at last, "that there is any way by which you could claim?"

"I am not sure," Harborough answered cautiously, anxious not to encourage the building of any castles in the air.

"Tell me what you mean then," she said, and he explained the case as clearly as he could.

"My grandfather," he said, "is the nearest we can get to the Harboroughs of Gurnett; he was called Gilchrist as I am, and was the middle one of three brothers. About the year 1843 he quarrelled with his family and left England; I think he turned Protestant."

"He must have had convictions; I wonder if he was like you," Bill observed under her breath with a particularly provoking look; but Har-

borough ignored the remark and went on with his history.

"Part of this," he said, "I heard from Mr. Wagnall on Thursday, part I knew before. I have always been told that my grandfather left England on account of a quarrel; the story was usually told me as a warning against quarrelling, but I don't know that it made much impression. What he did after he left England I do not know, travelled a bit I think at first, and then the next year he married in Paris. But his wife's family, though they were living in France, were English; indeed it was from my grandmother, who knew this part of the country, that we had the tradition of our people. She does not seem to have known much about them; my father always said she was vague in her tales, and never knew anything personally of her husband's relations. My grandfather died the same year that he married and before his son was born; my grandmother continued to live on in Paris with her own people, teaching English I think, for she must have been poor from what my father said."

"And he?" Bill asked.

"Lived in Paris too till he was about nineteen when, my grandmother being dead, he emigrated to Australia with a notion of gold-mining. At first he was unlucky; then he married when he was only twenty-two, and after that his luck changed, but as soon as he had made enough he cut the mining and bought a share in a sheep run. I don't know if he would have made anything more at the mining, but he was not very successful with the sheep; still there was always enough to live on as far back as I can remember. I am the second of his three sons; my elder brother died when he was a boy, my younger in 1882."

"And your mother and father?"

"Yes, they died some while ago."

"You are the only one left?"

"Yes, the only son of an only son."

The family curse seems to have fallen upon us inoffensive colonists too; we are near dying out."

Bill looked at him thoughtfully. "You are a long way from dead," she remarked and then inquired as to the fate of the brothers of the elder Gilchrist.

"The younger," Harborough answered, "died in 1845, so Mr. Wagnall told me, that is the year after my grandfather's death; the elder came into the property and has it still. He is the man at Wood Hall now, a childless widower with no one nearer than a sister's grandson to succeed him. He was two years older than my grandfather, I think, born in 1820."

"In 1820," Bill repeated thoughtfully; "then he was thirteen in 1833. Of course he remembered about the old Squire's body; why he was the same age as the granddaughter who planned it!"

"Planned what? Whose granddaughter? What are you talking about?"

"Only a tale that is told in Gurnet," Bill made answer; "I will tell you some other time; finish your family history first."

He knew nothing as yet about her visit to Wood Hall. She would tell him of course, as she saw no reason why he should object to it; but it was a pity to interrupt his narrative, so she asked him to go on and explain the way in which all this family history bore on his connection with Wood Hall. Accordingly he told her of the custom of the succession of the youngest. "And it appears," he concluded, "that, as the Harboroughs inherited according to this custom, the youngest son should always have succeeded to the estates."

"Why?"

"I don't know why," he answered, feeling the question to be entirely beside the point. "It does not matter why; it was so, that is all. It is a tenure called Borough English by which some estates are held, and apparently the Harboroughs' originally was so held."

"I see," Bill cried; "until the time of your grandfather Gilchrist it was so, and then, owing to his going away before his son was born and the other man not knowing he had a son at all, the elder brother got it."

"Something of the sort." Harborough was not inclined so entirely to attribute the chain of events to the ignorance of those in possession, but that did not matter to Bill.

"And you are going to claim through your grandfather?" she said.

"Yes, I expect so, in time," Gilchrist answered. "But you are in too much of a hurry; wait a bit, and I will explain. Most likely I shall not claim in the present owner's lifetime, that is if I ever do it at all; he is an old man in bad health, and they say he is not likely to outlast the year; I think I should wait till after his death."

"It would be kinder," said Bill.

But that was not Harborough's reason, and though he did not say so, he made his real motive fairly clear. "It is a very difficult thing," he said, "to turn out a man who has been in possession such a long time; indeed, it is just possible that if I could not prove that neither I nor my father knew that we had the right to claim for all those years, I should not be able to do it at all. If we had known it, and had for some reason left Mr. Harborough in possession, I don't believe we could turn him out; but as we did not know I ought to be able to do it, though I don't think I shall try unless he shows signs

of living longer than now seems likely."

"I see; then he will never know you have a claim?"

"No, not if I can prevent it. I will tell you why. He does not care much for the heir, it is said, though he wishes him to have the property for family reasons; he is altogether rather an eccentric old man"—Bill knew that—"and it is possible that if he is left to himself he will make no will. Now, I don't want him to make a will, which would only complicate the case. If he has no right to the property he can't bequeath it; but the existence of a will, bequeathing it to the recognised heir, would give him a show of right which he would not otherwise have. So, you see, I do not want a will made, and do not want to give Mr. Harborough any reason for making one by hinting at my claim yet."

"Is that fair?" Bill asked.

"Of course it is fair. What do you mean?"

"I don't know, I am not quite sure," she answered thoughtfully; "I shall have to think about it. But don't let's bother now; tell me about your case."

"I don't know what you mean by fairness," Harborough said somewhat severely. "If there is anything unfair it is the way in which my people have been kept out all these years. As to my case, there is very little more to tell about it, except, of course, that I shall have to prove my legitimate descent from Gilchrist Harborough, that my grandmother was legally married to him, and all that."

"How could she be anything else?" Bill asked wondering.

"He could have had another wife living at the same time, or he could have been married before, or something of the sort."

This was a new but impossible diffi-

culty to Bill. "Oh, but he wouldn't, —at least, seeing that he was a Harborough —" She paused and then added demurely: "I thought you did not wish to belong to that played-out family, and had a poor opinion of their mortgaged property."

"I can't help my ancestors," Harborough replied, "and besides, they are some way back; we have been honest working men for two generations. As for the property, it is not so much encumbered as is usually thought; so Stevens, the lawyer at Wrugglesby, says; it is his opinion that a practical man with a small capital and reasonable notions could pull the place together yet."

"You!" Bill cried. "Thou art the man!" and she made the best obeisance to him that she could without getting down from her perch on the low branch of an apple-tree.

"I don't know about the reasonable notions," Harborough said seriously, "and as for the small capital, what I have is not large for such a job; still, since I made the lucky speculation which emboldened me to ask you to be my wife, I suppose I can lay claim to a little capital. Something could be done with the place I am sure; I drove past the other day and made observations; there is a lot of fine timber still among all the rubbish in the wood and more in the open park-land—that's worth something; then a good lot of that park could be cultivated profitably; it would take time but I believe it could be done."

"And the house," Bill added, "is big too. If we lived there we could take boarders in the summer; if we advertised among the seaside and farm-house lodgings in the time-table, we should be sure to get some answers."

Harborough never was quite sure whether she was in fun or in earnest; he was not sure now, but in either

case he was annoyed and felt his annoyance to be justifiable. "That would be impossible," he said severely, though had he given expression to what was in his mind he would have requested her not to be absurd. However, for politeness sake he contented himself with the milder speech, rising as he uttered it.

"Why?" Bill asked jumping down from her perch.

"Why? Because it would be out of the question. As Mrs. Harborough of Wood Hall how could you receive boarders? It may be all very well for you and Miss Hains to do it in London, though, as you know, I don't altogether approve of the plan, but here—here it would be impossible."

"Why impossible? You don't explain."

He was holding the gate open for her, and jerked it with annoyance as he answered. "To begin with, in that position—"

"Oh, but there wouldn't be one," Bill interrupted; "there would be no position. The stiff-necked county would hardly recognise you on the strength of your grandfather if you ploughed your park; and as for me, —even if I were Madame La Princesse your wife I should still be 'only Bill.'"

She uttered the name with the wealth of contempt and annoyance which Polly, at times of extreme irritation, could concentrate into its one syllable. Harborough felt irritated too; no man who has all his life assumed an indifference to position likes to be shown that he too has a trace of the universal respect for it.

"If you think," he said coldly, "that I care for the county you are very much mistaken. Other people's opinion is not of the slightest importance to me as you should know, and though I care a good deal what manner of woman my wife is, it is

for myself I care not for my neighbours."

CHAPTER XVII.

"It is my belief," said Miss Minchin to Miss Gruet, when the sultry days of August had reduced the two ladies to visiting one another in the cool of the evening only, "it's my belief that Mr. Harborough is courting Mrs. Morton's cousin; he goes to Haylands so very regularly now."

"Very likely," Miss Gruet made answer, "although I should hardly have thought so poorly of him."

"So poorly?" Miss Minchin repeated.

"Yes, so poorly, for she is little more than a child."

"Oh, I don't know." Miss Minchin bridled at some recollection. "I had an offer before I was her age."

That was true, although, since the suitor was still younger it could hardly be regarded as eligible. Miss Gruet, having no such testimony to bring forward, contented herself with saying, "Girls don't marry so young nowadays."

"No," Miss Minchin was forced to admit, "no, perhaps you are right. But what takes Mr. Harborough so often to Haylands? He must go to see someone; who is it?"

Now, oddly enough, that was exactly the question Polly was propounding to herself, and seeing how entirely she considered the engagement (except for the secrecy) her own arrangement, it was strange. Fortunately about this time she had ample opportunities for studying the question, for she and Bella came to Ashelton as often as they could during the summer months. They usually walked from Wrugglesby, nearly a six miles' tramp along dusty country roads; but as compensation they always drove home with a cer-

tain quantity of spoil stowed under the seat. Sometimes it was butter they brought back packed in a damp cloth, or eggs carefully held in Bella's lap, or chickens showing under the back seat; sometimes it was only vegetables, or a basket of fruit, or a pigeon pie, or a basin of dripping, or some equally humble subscription to the larder. Polly despised nothing and refused nothing. When Theresa hardly liked to offer such trifles to the elder housekeeper, Bill relieved her of any difficulties by putting various small articles in the old safe which stood in the corner of the wash-house, and which came in the course of time to be kept for Polly's sole use. "That'll do for Polly," she would say when Theresa debated how to use this or that; and if Theresa demurred saying, "I can't offer her such things," Bill assured her: "You can offer her anything you don't mind her having; the only thing you can't offer her is anything you don't want her to have and only offer out of politeness. Put it in her cupboard; she'll take it."

And take it she always did. So, partly because this collecting of odds and ends suited her near, but effective, style of housekeeping, and partly from a sense of responsibility which prompted her to see how things went on at Haylands, Polly came often to Ashelton that summer. And what she saw there led her to ask herself the question which Miss Minchin asked: "Whom did Gilchrist Harborough come to see?" And the answer she gave herself was the one which with great truthfulness she gave in different words to Miss Minchin, "I don't know."

Miss Minchin asked the question, or rather, by less bald methods sought the answer, when Polly came to stay at Haylands in August. It was the middle of the month when she and

Bella came ; they had had to continue school during the earlier part of the month to compensate the pupils for the time lost at Miss Brownlow's death, but by the middle they came to Ashelton to stay for a fortnight. For the first week Theresa would be there ; for the second the three cousins would be left in charge as she and Robert were going away. It was a busy time for a farmer to leave, but Robert did not seem to mind ; as he said that he would much rather leave now than in September, partridge-shooting possibly had more to do with his decision than farming. However that might be, he decided to go, and Polly and Bella came to Haylands with the understanding that they would look after Bill and the house during Theresa's absence. It was a few days after their arrival that Polly met Miss Minchin in the lane. As they were going the same way they walked on together, Miss Minchin making many enquiries as to the health and general welfare of the cousins. Polly gave all suitable answers, and talked in her best style, with perhaps more regard for effect than accuracy. What she said in reference to Harborough, however, was mainly true, more true than she herself liked in the circumstances.

Of course, so she told herself, Harborough came to see Bill, and since, being a busy man with no spare time, his visits were paid at fixed hours, he usually did see Bill. It sometimes happened, though not often, that the time of his coming varied a little, and also it sometimes happened, even when he was regular, that Bill was busy or not to be found for a few minutes. On these occasions Theresa entertained him until Bill appeared, when she would have been quite willing to leave them to enjoy each other's society undisturbed. But they did not show the least wish for such a

thing. "We haven't got anything private to say," Bill told her once when Theresa remonstrated with her. So by degrees it came about that if the cousins were indoors Harborough joined them, and if they were out of doors he sat under the elm-tree with them, helping Bill to shell peas or string currants, or whatever peaceful occupation she might be engaged upon that evening. Theresa would willingly have taken such work from her on the evenings when Harborough came, but if she did Bill only got something else to do, and that possibly of a less suitable nature. Theresa could not understand the girl at all ; she never seemed shy or eager to see her lover ; she was never anxious to put on her best frock for his coming ; and yet she appeared happy in the engagement. Of course Harborough himself was not demonstrative ; he was always grave and serious when Theresa saw him, but no doubt, so she thought, he was different in her absence, thinking which she went away. Whereupon, the currants being done, the pair took to watering the garden with a silent industry and a strict attention to business.

Polly saw all this and more still with her shrewd little eyes, and before Theresa went away she spoke to her on the subject.

"You have noticed it too ?" Theresa said, as if relieved to find it not all her own fancy. "Do you think Bill is really fond of him ?"

"Yes, I do, and I think it is very hard on her that you should take so much of his attention."

"I !" exclaimed Theresa flushing. "I ! How can you say such a thing, Polly ?"

Polly both could and did say such a thing, and she said it with the repetitions and variations she so well knew how to use, until Theresa, hurt and angry and mortified by turns, first

denied the charge and then defended the action.

"Somebody must be civil to him," she said at last. "Bill never wants to see him alone; she makes him work in the garden if I leave them; she won't be nice to him or put her best dress on, or anything."

"Bill is a little goose, and the chances are she does all that out of pride and contradiction because she is jealous of you."

"She can't be jealous of me, it is impossible," Theresa said, and the next moment added, "and if she is, why does she not try to please him? When he wants her to talk seriously she won't; she says the most ridiculous things in the gravest manner, and the gravest in the most ridiculous, till he never knows how to take her, and that's annoying to a man, you know. And then she will persist in calling him Theo. For a long time she did not call him anything, at least not when I was there, always beginning, 'I say,' just as if that was his name; it was so rude, I told her about it. She said she did not like Gilchrist, there had been too many of them. I told her to settle that with him, but I'm sure I don't know what she said, for now she calls him Theo which she says is short for theory, and I know he can't bear it."

To this recital of Bill's misdeeds Polly only said: "I must have a good talk with Bill, I think she minds me more than you; only, you know, my dear Theresa, your being nice to Gilchrist will hardly compensate for Bill being nasty. I am sure you don't mean anything but the very best, still, quite unintentionally of course, you sometimes make it a little hard for her."

Theresa was truly grieved as Polly meant her to be, and determined to be very careful of her conversation with Harborough in the future. It

must be admitted that she could not disguise from herself the fact that she really did enjoy talking to him, and he could not disguise from her woman's wit the respectful and quite impersonal admiration he had for her.

Theresa was easy enough to deal with; Bill was the real difficulty, as Polly knew, a difficulty she did not feel at all sure of being able to tackle successfully. She thought over the subject for some time, and finally decided to leave it for the present. Theresa was going away in a day or two, and when she returned Bill herself was to leave with Polly and Bella. In these circumstances it hardly seemed necessary to open the question now, and Polly determined to study the matter for the present and speak of it while they were away together.

Theresa was only away for a week, but the three cousins left behind contrived to get a certain amount of excitement into the week. It was really Bill's fault, Polly said, Bill and her plums. Plums were very scarce that year, not only in Ashelton but in all that part of the country. There had been every promise of a good yield in the spring, but a few late frosts had terribly damaged the crop; many trees were quite bare and many others had but little fruit; those in the Haylands orchard had escaped. The plums were decidedly the best of the trees in the orchard; they were younger and in better condition than the apples or pears, and they were, moreover, very good kinds. In the spring they had shown every promise of abundance of fruit, and when the late frosts came, damaging the neighbouring trees, they did not suffer much owing to good luck and a sheltered position. Bill was delighted by their escape, and during the summer took great interest in the

health of the trees, propping up the overloaded branches and regretfully thinning the too abundant crop. By the end of August the fruit was ripe and a source of great satisfaction to her.

"I don't see what you are going to do with them," Polly said one morning as she looked at the trees from which Bill was filling Bella's pudding-basin.

"We can't eat them all," Bella said, biting one as she spoke, "nor make jam, nor pies, nor give them away; there are far too many; they have all got ripe together. What a pity Theresa is not here; I wonder what she does with the fruit."

"Sells it," said Bill as she went on to look at the next tree.

"To whom?"

"I don't know. The apples used to go away last year; I have seen some of the baskets about. These plums ought to be picked; they are quite ripe and the wasps are getting at them."

"Yes," Polly said judicially, "they ought to be picked to-day. I think, Bill, you had better get what we want for jam and perhaps you might get a basketful for Mrs. Dawson. Mr. Dawson was saying the other day that they had none at all. You had better gather all we can use this morning."

"I mean to," Bill replied, "but you have got to help. Oh, yes you have; they must be all, or at least the greater part picked to-day; you will have to help."

"Bill," Polly began with dignity, but Bella, disturbed about her sister's property, interposed. "It does seem a pity not to sell them; I do think it is silly of Theresa not to have left any orders about them; can't we write to her?"

"Not in time," Bill answered. "I expect she left no orders because

she did not think; she and Robert always call these my trees, because I take such an interest in them. Robert said I should keep anything I could make out of them; I don't want to do that, but I mean to make something."

"I don't see how you are going to sell them," Polly called from the gate as she was leaving the orchard.

"Don't you? I have seen for several days. Don't go, Polly, you must help to pick; it is going to be a busy day and you will have to help; you might begin at once while I find the baskets."

"I'll come too as soon as I have taken this to Jessie," and Bella went away with the basin as she spoke, leaving Bill and Polly in animated conversation. When she came back to begin her share of the plum-picking she found Polly at work; Bill had coerced her into it somehow, and, what was more remarkable still, kept her at it. They all three worked steadily, finding it decidedly more tiring than they had anticipated. Not only did they gather the fruit, but they also packed it in the baskets in which it was to travel. In time the baskets gave out, and Bill proposed to borrow some from Mr. Dane. "I know he has got some," she said; "I saw them round by his back door the last time I went for books. It won't take me long to go and borrow them."

"You can't," Polly said; "besides we have done enough; it is nearly four o'clock."

"We sha'n't have done enough," Bill observed, descending her ladder, "until we have done all we can."

"It would be a great pity to waste any," Bella added; "there are heaps more just perfect, and this weather they won't hang."

"Do you intend to keep on till

dark?" Polly demanded. "How absurd! Have you forgotten that Gilchrist Harborough is coming this evening?"

"All the better,—he can help," was the only answer, and the gate closed after Bill as she went in quest of the rector's baskets.

"It is perfect nonsense," Polly said wrathfully; "why couldn't she have got one of the men about the farm to do this work?"

"They are busy," Bella answered; "I expect she does not want to take their time, more especially as Robert said she could have the profits."

"There won't be any; and if there are I see no reason why I should work for her profit."

"It is not bad work. I wonder how she found out where to sell them; I expect she made Theo tell her. Do you like him, Polly? I think I do."

"I don't like this work," was Polly's only answer, "and I am not going to do any more of it at present; I shall lie down for half an hour."

And away she went, calculating that Bill could not be less than half an hour in borrowing the baskets, and in any case she would hear her return through the open window. Bella, left to herself, went on industriously with her work until the sound of footsteps in the lane arrested her attention. She was standing on a high rung of the ladder, and peering through the plum-branches, she looked to see who might be passing, secure that she herself was unseen. In this belief she was, however, mistaken, for the passer by glancing up at that moment had the vision of a flushed face and a frame of golden hair, the curls all loosened and caught by the tiresome interwoven branches, the whole surrounded by those same branches in a way which he found almost bewildering.

"Good afternoon, Miss Waring,"

he said. "I was just on my way to Haylands about the bees,—is any one at home?"

Polly was at home, but Polly might not like to be disturbed; still of course the bees were a matter of business, so Bella looked out again, or rather, partly looked out, having in the moment's retirement given some infinitesimal but effective touches to her tie and hair. Jack Dawson found her irresistible, but he had found her that before. Mrs. Dawson could hardly have selected a more momentous time for acquiring a hive of bees than the one she did, for her son Jack discovered that the Mortons' bees were the best, in fact the only really good bees to be had, and even these he found needed a great deal of investigation before purchase. At least such must have been the case to judge by the number of calls of inquiry he paid and the length of time he spent looking at the hives with Bella. Mrs. Dawson is reported to have said at the end of the month that that hive cost her more than anything she ever bought, but eventually she came to a gentler way of thinking; for after all, though it undoubtedly is a criminal offence for only sons to marry, it is an offence they will commit and Jack's partner in guilt, or rather promised partner, won her way into Mrs. Dawson's heart in time.

But that was all in the future; in the present, Jack, on his mother's behalf was industriously following up his quest for bees, and Bella, on her sister's behalf, was helping him. It is to be presumed that these were their motives, though a casual observer might have thought their interests, though mutual, were more circumscribed on the occasion when they helped each other to gather Bill's plums. Bella said she could not leave off till Bill came back; it

would be so unkind if both she and Polly went away without a word of explanation. Jack agreed, saying that there was no hurry and he could wait any time, and while he waited he helped to make up for Polly's desertion. Polly, meanwhile, slept peacefully, and Bill went by way of the rector's back-door into the rector's presence.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Bill was a privileged intruder at the rectory now, coming and going as she chose, saying and doing what she chose, with no one to hinder her.

At first the old rector had not known whether he hated or loved this grandchild of the dead past, this creature who was Wilhelmina, and Gipsy Alardy, and a score of other things half bitter and half sweet. But after a time he forgot to think of hatred or love; he never thought now of that dead past, for she was not Wilhelmina, nor Gipsy Alardy, nor anything but her untutored, half-developed self. So he buried the past again, and, accepting the present as he found it, turned to the work in hand. In that work he included Bill, and the queerest, pleasantest, most incomprehensible work he found her. So to the rectory she came for all manner of things and to the rector for all manner of information; he seldom refused her, never repulsed her, listened to her plans and fancies, never condemned nor ridiculed, lending a sympathetic ear to all things, even including those which some would have had him condemn. From her heart Bill longed to tell him of her promise to Harborough, feeling it almost a breach of confidence to shut him out of this secret; but when she asked Theresa if she might speak, Theresa said she had better not. She knew

Mr. Dane was kind to her young cousin, but she did not understand the odd friendship there was between them, and, as she no doubt wisely said, should Bill tell one person, Harborough could justly claim the right to tell one on his side, and the secret would be a secret no longer; it must either remain among themselves or else be public to all the world. Bill saw no reason why it should be a secret, but as Polly advised her to say just what she thought best to Mr. Dane, she let the matter drop; she did not know Polly's motives, but she would not in this follow her advice in opposition to Theresa's. So Mr. Dane knew nothing about the arrangement, knowing only, as all Ashelton knew, that Gilchrist Harborough went to Haylands, but, owing to what he himself knew of Bill, he attached little importance to that.

On the day when Bill came to borrow the baskets the rector was busy, so busy that he was not disturbed by her light footstep nor aware of her presence until she was by his chair making her request.

"Baskets, Princess Puck?" he said; "of course, take what you like."

And she had gone again before the ink in his pen was dry.

"Away already?" he said, looking up as the handle rattled when she closed the door after her.

"Yes, I'm very busy, and so are you." She opened the door again an inch or two to say it.

"Ah, I see; you're always busy."

"I'm gathering plums. We have all three been doing it most of the day, and we shall keep on till dark; there are heaps to be gathered, as the whole lot are ripe together. Would you like some? I'll send some this evening."

"Thank you, thank you, you are very kind. I dare say I shall be down your lane this evening, and if I am

perhaps I can take them away with me; that will save your time and let me see you busy people at work."

"You will come?" Bill opened the door wider to put the question joyously. "Monseigneur, you shall have the biggest and best, and as many as you can carry!"

Harborough's visit had passed entirely out of her mind, and when it came back to her on her way home with the baskets she did not regret the rector's promise to come. She went to the orchard with a light heart, and an ungainly appearance, having slung the two biggest hampers across her shoulders, to facilitate their transport, while she carried the smaller baskets in her hands. She went by way of the fields, and as Miss Minchin was engaged in chasing the course of the sun with her window-blinds on the other side of the house, she reached the orchard unobserved.

Jack Dawson and Bella were on the same ladder, and in the heart of the same plum-tree. They did not see Bill until she, having unburdened herself and discovered Polly's absence, announced herself by the question, "Where is Polly?"

A ripe plum fell heavily from the branch above as Bella started at the voice. "I,—she's gone in,—Mr. Dawson is helping me while she rests."

"How long has she been resting?"

"Ever since you went away,—but, Bill—"

"Don't disturb her," entreated a masculine voice from the branches, and the masculine legs descended the ladder a little way. "I can stay and take her place; she must be awfully tired, you know."

"She isn't," announced the inexorable Bill; "she's lazy, that's all. It is very good of you to offer to take her place, but, if you really will help, you had much better take Bella's;

she has worked hard, as hard as possible."

"If Miss Waring will allow me to help her?" Jack suggested persuasively.

"You will, won't you, Bella?" Bill said; "and I'll go and fetch Polly." And she suited the action to the word.

"It is a pity to disturb Miss Hains," Jack said and Bella agreed with him, sincerely hoping Bill would not succeed in the difficult task of uprooting the reposeful Polly.

However she was disappointed; in a very short time Polly, gracious and serene, accompanied Bill to the orchard. But the indefatigable couple were not disturbed in their industry, Polly, after polite greeting, going to work on a distant tree and taking Bill with her.

Jack Dawson helped them all the remainder of the afternoon, and even Harborough found him still hard at work on his own arrival in the evening. Polly, in her position of chaperone, regarded the two pairs with a judicial eye and felt dissatisfied. Jack and Bella were well enough, and their relative output of work and conversation was more calculated to satisfy her than the amateur market-gardener; it was the market-gardener herself and Gilchrist Harborough who displeased Polly.

"That young man is a splendid agricultural implement," was her opinion as she watched him. "He might as well be Darby's digger or somebody's steam-plough, and Bill,—well." Here Polly sniffed aloud, but whether from contempt for Bill or sympathy with her own difficulties one could not say. At that moment her attention was arrested by Bill's voice.

"You have come then, Monseigneur! You shall have the very best."

Polly looked round sharply; the tone of the girl's voice was so unlike that in which she usually spoke to Harborough, suggesting something of caress in it, of the frank familiarity of assured welcome and response. It was not wonderful that Polly looked to see if Theo answered to this new nickname, and when it was evident he did not, that she looked still more eagerly to see who did.

Mr. Dane, the courteous but somewhat exclusive rector of Ashelton! He was Monseigneur, it was for him Bill was opening the rickety gate, he whom she welcomed so gladly! It was surprising, Polly felt, but safe. Perhaps Harborough felt the same, for he did not seem to resent Bill's evident satisfaction in Mr. Dane's presence, and he did not, as Polly did, lecture Bill afterwards on the impropriety of addressing elderly gentlemen in so free and easy a fashion.

Of course Bill did not in the least mind what was said, and went to bed as indifferent to Polly's remarks as Mr. Dane himself would have been. He went home thinking kindly of the young folks under the orchard-trees, pretty Bella and her suitors, as he took both young men to be, the favoured and the unfavoured one. The favoured one,—and in judging Jack Dawson to be such the rector was right—did not retire to rest in the peaceful manner of the other plum-gatherers, having first had to endure an extremely stormy interview with his mother.

Perhaps Bella had some idea of what might be taking place, for she lay awake long that night, though Bill, with whom she shared the room, did not know it. The younger girl slept soundly and dreamlessly, not troubling at all about Jack or Harborough, nor yet about her own plans for the morrow. Those same plans necessitated getting up at a

very early hour the next morning; fortunately Bella was sleeping quietly at the time, so without challenge Bill dressed and went out.

It was cold out of doors, everything drenched with dew; everything deadly, almost awfully, still,—the dead world, the motionless air, the opaque sky, dark except where at the horizon's rim it showed faintly grey like the ashes of yesterday. It was not really dark; Bill wondered why all things were so clear in this ghostly, shadowless twilight. "It is as if the world were dead," she thought, "burned out and finished, resurrection and judgment over, and just me left behind forgotten."

Then she unlocked the stable-door and, putting fancies aside, set seriously to work, first harnessing the old roan horse to the roomy light cart, and afterwards climbing in beside the hamper of plums placed there over-night. She had told Polly and Bella that she herself would take the plums away, and that she would have to start before breakfast to do it. Bella was too much disturbed about her own concerns to feel much interest, and Polly saw no reason to object, as had Theresa been at home she possibly might have done. As it was, the two remaining cousins had breakfast without Bill, though Polly was much annoyed by a note the girl had left saying she would not be back till the afternoon. All thoughts of Bill, however, were soon driven out of her head by the confidence Bella could withhold no longer.

And thus it was that Bill drove away with her plums in the grey dawn, not to Wrugglesby and the railway-station, but to Darvel the regimental town, a far longer distance but a bigger town with richer inhabitants, military and civil. The strawberry roan was a good old horse though terribly ugly; he would

trot well along the winding lanes and empty highways on the journey, and at the journey's end stand patiently beside the curb while Bill went to the back door to sell her plums. That was her notion of doing business; untroubled by any idea of license, and fortunately remaining untaught by painful experience, she went from house to house selling her fruit by the pound, having taken the dairy-scales with her for the purpose. And a very good trade she did, for plums were scarce and hers were beyond reproach; she asked a fair price and gave good weight, dealing as an honest and humble trader should.

It was with a clear conscience and satisfied mind that she drove home, light in load and heavy in pocket. She came back by the Wrugglesby road, which was further but better going now that dry weather had loosened the roads. The afternoon was far advanced and the shadows stretched long on the cropped grass fields and matted seed-clover. In the distance the air still quivered with heat, and the red-roofed farms glowed warmly in it. Now and again came the whirl of machinery, some stack in process of erection or a reaper in a wheat-field near at hand. Bill looked around her, at the dusty hedgerows, the deep green trees, the poppies by the road, it was all very good in the drowsy afternoon; the whole world was so good, she could have sung aloud for joy.

Propriety, however, demanded that she should not, and moreover some one accosted her at that moment, a stranger asking the way to Sales Cross. She pulled up to tell him and then, as she was passing that way herself, offered him a lift. He accepted, glancing at her curiously; the voice and manner were not quite what he had expected from the general

appearance of herself and her equipage. However, he seated himself beside her and began to speak of the harvest-prospects and the weather, equally popular topics of conversation just then. A small farmer or bailiff's daughter, he thought her, concluding that latter-day education must in some way be responsible for her unusual manner.

So he talked to her on various topics, incidentally learning a little about herself, among other things that she had been to Darvel to sell fruit. In this way, Bill making no effort to learn anything of him and his business, they reached Sales Cross and there for the first time she asked him of his concerns, inquiring which way he wanted to go.

"There is a foot-path leading off from the road on the left, I am told," he said, and when she pointed it out to him he got down and bidding her good-afternoon went on his way.

"I wonder where he is going," she thought. "He could get to part of Ashelton that way, but I don't suppose he is going there, and he could get to several other places equally well." Then she drove on dismissing the subject from her mind.

Now, Polly, though she had talked and thought principally about Bella that day, had found time, as the afternoon wore on, to wonder a little what mischief Bill had in hand, and to wonder a great deal more as to who would find her out. Polly's morals were of a strictly utilitarian character, and being a great believer in the eleventh commandment *Thou shalt not be found out*, she was prepared to measure her wrath with Bill's misdoings in proportion to the publicity of their nature. Therefore when, at about five o'clock in the afternoon the offender came to her on the lawn, she proceeded to catechise her in a brief and business-like

way, reserving her most important question till the last.

"And whom did you meet? Who knows about this?"

"Who? Why, of course, all the people I sold plums to, and—"

"No, no, the people about here I mean, people whom we know."

"Oh, no one."

"No one in Ashelton or Wrugglesby? Didn't you see anyone to speak to?"

"Yes; I gave a lift to a stranger who wanted to find the way to Sales Cross. He asked me if I had been to Wrugglesby market, and I told him that it was not market-day, and that I had been to Darvel with fruit."

Polly was extremely angry at this indiscretion, and said so in no measured terms. She reflected, however, that, the man being a stranger, no harm had been done unless he happened to be visiting any of their acquaintances in the neighbourhood, in which case he might perhaps recognise Bill on some future occasion.

"But I don't see what harm I have done," Bill objected. "I dare say T. won't like it when I tell her, as she is rather particular, but you are not proud and it is no good saying you are; there is no reason why you should object any more than Theo will when I tell him."

But Polly was not at all sure that Theo would approve of Bill's performance, and she said so, without convincing Bill; she also reproved her sharply without showing her wherein lay the wrong. Bill, who did not at all believe in Polly, was entirely unimpressed, and Bella just then came out from the house.

"Have you told her?" she asked, and Bill noticed that she looked troubled and excited.

"No," Polly said, "I have not; I had enough to do thinking about her behaviour."

"Told me what?" Bill asked, "What is it?"

And because they felt the news they had to tell was of greater importance than her own comparatively obscure misdoings, they told her. Soon even Polly had forgotten about Bill in the greater news; as for Bill herself, she thought no more of anything but Bella and her happiness in Jack's love and her fear of Jack's mother. Bill could not quite understand the fear; if you were sure of the love, in her opinion, you could not be afraid, for nothing would matter. And the love,—she looked rather wistfully at Bella, wondering why she could not feel as this cousin did. But she said nothing of these things, forgetting them for the time being in the engrossing talk which was only closed when they all went indoors, Bill saying as they went: "But, Polly, how about your lodgings now? By next summer you will have no one to help you."

"I shall go on alone," Polly answered magnanimously. "I shall be able to do it, and even if I could not, I should not dream of standing in the way of either of you."

"But you seem to want us both to get married," Bill said.

"I do, if you marry well. I am sure that neither of you would forget all I have done for you, and I am sure you will both remember how valuable even trifles are to me."

There was something faintly suggestive of the beggar's whine in Polly's tone, which made both the younger cousins laugh as they went into the house completely forgetful of Bill's doings.

But there was one who did not forget them, who felt he had good reason to be angry with them, and that one was Gilchrist Harborough. It was to him that the stranger Bill met was going. He was a Sydney lawyer and the fortunate possessor of private

means, who had been a friend of Harborough in the new country, and now that he was home for a holiday in the old, Harborough had thought it worth while to tell him the story of his claim to the Gurnett estates, asking his opinion rather than his help. The lawyer, however, was so much impressed with the strength of the case when he first heard the story in June, that he immediately set to work on his own account to verify one or two necessary points. Having by this week's mail received from Australia the information he wanted, he came to tell Harborough of his success. At first he intended to write, but as he was going to stay a week or two with some friends further down the line, he broke his journey at Wruglesby and spent a couple of hours discussing the situation with Harborough.

Unfortunately, he did not confine himself entirely to business during that couple of hours, for he casually mentioned the little fruit-seller who

gave him a lift in her empty cart. "The queerest little oddity I have ever seen," he said. "I wonder if you know who she is; let's see if I can describe her. She was small, dark, shabby, shabbier than any cottage-girl I have yet come across in this well-favoured old country—untidy, simple, though 'cute I should say, frank as an American, brown as a berry, hair dark but reddish, face,—I don't know, a provoking little face and perfectly irresistible eyes."

Harborough knew who she was though he did not say; a slighter description would have served him. There were not two such about; two brown girls who spoke good English and sold fruit by the pound in Darvel, who wore their right boots laced with string (Harborough knew that boot well) and had brown eyes with the sunshine in them; who made friends with all comers, who whistled to the birds in the hedges, who was, in fact,—Bill, his promised wife.

(To be continued.)

THE MONTENEGRIN JUBILEE.

EXACTLY half a century will have passed this autumn since the accession of Danilo the Second to the "rough rock-throne" of Montenegro led to the conversion of that remarkable State from a theocratic government to a temporal principality. Ever since the year 1516 the Black Mountain had been governed by a prince-bishop, or *vladika*; and since 1696 that dignity had been made hereditary in the family of Petrovich, of which the present Prince Nicholas is the worthy descendant. But the inconveniences of a system which prevented the Montenegrin ruler from marrying, the consequent transmission of the hereditary headship of the country from uncle to nephew instead of from father to son, and the banter of the Czar Nicholas the First induced Danilo to change the time-honoured practice which had made Montenegro unique among the European States of the nineteenth century. Early in 1852 the new ruler's proposals were accepted by the Montenegrin senate, and it was solemnly announced that Montenegro was a secular State under the hereditary government of a Prince. Since that date the wild and unknown highland principality, which was generally regarded by Europe as a nest of brigands and savages, has entered the great family of European nations, and its reigning House has become connected with some of the most distinguished of European monarchs. Now therefore, when just fifty years have passed since the accession of the first Petrovich prince and when his nephew and successor, the real founder of modern Montenegro, is

about to celebrate his own sixtieth birthday, it may be worth while to trace the progress made in one of the most interesting and least known of existing States.

Bella gerant alii, tu, felix Austria,
nube.

Such was the saying which in by-gone days attributed the piecemeal formation of the Hapsburg dominions to a policy of marriage rather than of war. Prince Nicholas of Montenegro, in spite of a recent protest of his affection, does not love the Austrians, whose occupation of the Herzegovina, that cradle of the Petrovich family, he can never forget, and whose representatives at his capital have not been always to his liking; but he seems to have taken to heart the Austrian maxim of matrimonial politics. Neither of his two wars against the Turks, in 1862 and again in 1876-7, though they both attracted the attention of Europe and the latter ultimately led to the large increase of his territory and its extension down to the Adriatic, has been of such service to him as the possession of seven charming and marriageable daughters. The union of one of them, now dead, with Prince Peter Karageorgevich, the head of the rival Servian family which disputes with the House of Obrenovich the uneasy Servian throne, has placed Prince Nicholas in the position of the near relative of a claimant, possibly in that of a claimant himself, to that troublesome heritage. From time to time the historic dream of a re-union of

the two Serb States, separated since the fatal field of Kossovo, under the sceptre of a new Dushan, more fortunate than the mediæval monarch of that name, has vexed the pacific slumbers of the Prince. The absence of an heir in the Obrenovich family has led some Servian politicians to cast their eyes on the ruler of Montenegro; and others, aware that Austria-Hungary would never permit a union of the two Serb States across her possessions, which might serve as a magnet for the Austrian and Hungarian Serbs, have lately talked of the Prince's second son Mirko, now twenty-two years of age, as a possible successor of King Alexander. Prince Mirko is a young man of talent, a poet (like his father) and a musician of distinction, one of whose compositions was recently performed in Rome, and he is sure to play a considerable part in the politics of the Balkans. But neither he nor yet his elder brother, the Crown-Prince Danilo, who was married two years ago to the Duchess Jutta of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, has so far been of such social and political service to his father as the present Queen of Italy. The Italian royal marriage was a love-affair of the most romantic character, and ever since the accession of his son-in-law to the Italian throne last year, Prince Nicholas has been a personage of much importance. The quidnuncs credit him with the part of a mediator whenever Italy and Russia are desirous of coming into closer relations with one another, and he has even been assumed, without much evidence it is true, to be desirous of breaking up the Triple Alliance for the benefit of his Russian patron and for the furtherance of his own schemes at the cost of Austria. While he has publicly denied the truth of these rumours, Prince Nicholas has adopted the style of a Royal Highness, nomin-

ally to celebrate the fortieth anniversary of his own accession last year, really to give himself a social status more in accordance with his altered circumstances. Moreover the marriages of two others of his daughters with connexions of the Russian Imperial family, the Grand-Duke Peter Nikolaievich and the Duke of Leuchtenberg, and that of yet a fifth daughter with Prince Francis Joseph of Battenberg (a particular favourite of Queen Victoria) have brought the ruler of the Black Mountain, whose predecessors were regarded as almost outside the pale of civilisation, into close personal relations with the heads of both the Russian and the British Empire. Alexander the Third called him his "only friend": Nicholas the Second, despite his own pacific aims, has furnished him with rifles and ammunition for his warlike subjects; and the Prince's visit to our late Queen three years ago greatly interested both hostess and guest.

As the Prince has two unmarried daughters in reserve, it is possible that he may add yet further to the already long list of his distinguished sons-in-law. Princess Xenia may perhaps hold sway in Crete, and Princess Vera, at present too young to think of wedlock, may find in due course an orthodox spouse in Holy Russia. At the same time, these matrimonial alliances, like all good things, have had their disadvantages. When Freeman, exactly a quarter of a century ago, wrote in these columns his memorable article on his visit to Montenegro, that country was poor, but the needs of its sovereign were small. At the opening of the twentieth century, the Black Mountain, even though its area has been so much increased since then, is still a poor land in the main, while the expenditure of the reigning family has been inevitably increased. Frequent journeys, under-

taken in royal style, occasional hospitalities at Cetinje when everything has to be brought from Cattaro or Ragusa, the erection and furnishing of a palace for the Crown-Prince and his wife, the greater number of diplomats who are accredited to the village-capital,—all these are sources of additional expense. It is said that on one occasion, when the Prince returned from one of his European tours, there was only £20 in the treasury. Hence, Montenegro, like every other Balkan State, has undergone of late years a financial crisis, which, after attempts to raise a loan in England and France, culminated in the inspection of its finances by a Russian expert. Hopes are, however, entertained of a rich return from the newly discovered deposits of iron ore in the principality, and a narrow-gauge railway, the first ever projected along the granite sides of the Montenegrin mountains, is to be constructed for the purpose of developing them from the inland town of Nikshich down to the beautiful bay of Antivari. There is something incongruous in the association of the steam-engine with the

warriors beating back the swarm
Of Turkish Islam for five hundred
years,

but in these days the Prince and his hereditary enemy are on visiting terms, while, in spite of his poetic temperament, the royal dramatist of Cetinje has always had a keen eye to the main chance. He has, no doubt, been partly responsible for the newly developed interest which the Italian Government has been taking in the commercial possibilities of Albania, and he has long cherished the scheme of a great Slav railway which shall unite the Russian, Roumanian, and Servian systems with the Adriatic at the now almost de-

serted port of San Giovanni di Medua, once famous as the scene of Skanderbeg's heroic achievements, where Italy has just established a post-office to supplement the efforts of the new Italian steamship-service from Bari to Scutari. But neither funds nor the political good-will of other Powers than Russia are forthcoming for the vast undertaking of the Pan-Slav railway. Meanwhile, like the practical man that he is, the Prince has devoted his energies to the making of roads, and has connected all the principal towns of his dominion with highways, which are indeed a marvel after the miserable bridle-tracks of Turkey. He avowedly aims at the gradual conversion of his people from the militant to the commercial state of society under the auspices of his benevolent despotism. The philosopher and the economist may rejoice when this transformation is accomplished, but the Montenegro of the future will in that case be a less romantic country than the Homeric land which, till some twenty years or so ago had been the scene of one long Iliad of war.

But the Prince, though aware of the importance of trade, has not neglected his defences. He has thoroughly reorganised his military system, and at the present moment he could put upwards of forty thousand armed men into the field, who, if useless, or nearly so, outside their own country, would rival the Boers at guerilla tactics within its rocky boundaries. Occasional brushes with the Albanians, though much less frequent than of old, still keep the warriors' hands in, and a permanent instructional battalion has been introduced, which is the most lasting memorial of the bicentenary of the Petrovich dynasty five years ago.

Although he personally superintends almost every department of

government and takes a deep interest in foreign, and especially English, politics, the Prince has also found time for much literary work. His best known drama, *THE EMPRESS OF THE BALKANS*, which, written like all his other works in Serb, has been translated into one German and two different Italian versions, deals with the heroic age of Montenegro in the fifteenth century and was composed under the influences of the last war with Turkey. It is thus not only an historical play, but contains obvious allusions to the existing state of the Balkan Peninsula at the time of its composition. In such a sentiment as that put into the mouth of one of the characters, "Every man of Serbia is our brother, whatever be his religion," we may see an allusion to the idea of a great Servian kingdom, which shall embrace the Catholic Croats no less than the orthodox Serbs. In the proud boast of a Montenegrin, "Our land, if it be no fountain of riches, yet conceals something great and noble," we may read the Prince's own conviction of Montenegro's inborn superiority over all other Balkan lands. When one of those women of Montenegro, to whom the play is dedicated, complains that "a rapacious people has made its nest in Dalmatia," we may be sure that the Royal dramatist is thinking not of Venice but of her Austrian successor, who since 1814 has been his neighbour and has this summer, by means of the new railway down to the Bocche di Cattaro, made it possible to throw masses of soldiers upon his frontier at that point. "Oh," exclaims Ivan Beg, "Oh that Bulgarians, Serbs, and Croats would give each other their hands in a brotherly embrace and esteem the wisdom of the Greek people! Then, indeed, would very different songs resound from Olympus to the Drave and the riven races

would proudly raise their brows, now bent in the dust beneath the cruel yoke;" in these words we can see a hint of that Balkan Confederation which has been the Utopian dream of many a statesman. When another Montenegrin plaintively says, "Not even from our victory can we derive advantage," it is in reality the Prince who is venting his anger upon Europe for handing over the Herzegovina, where the blood of his people was spilled in the last war against the Turks, to the Austro-Hungarian Occupation. Take this again, "The principalities of the Balkans are not great, but neither are they the petty money with which Princes can pay their debts to the Sultan or to other strangers;" this is, in fact, a protest against the diplomatic practice of treating the Balkan States as pawns or counters in the great game of high politics. In short, the *BALKANSKA CARICA*, which has often been performed in the theatre at Cetinje, may be described as the Prince's political creed no less than his dramatic masterpiece. Nor is the plot lacking in interest, with its strong patriotic motive—the refusal of a Montenegrin woman to share with a traitor, her over, the proffered prize of the Balkan crown. Unfortunately, in translations at least, the drama has not been very successful. At Florence once I bought a copy for a penny from an itinerant vendor who had a whole barrow-load of them. So even a royal author is not sure of readers even in his son-in-law's kingdom; *habent sua fata libelli*. A second drama, published in 1895, and entitled *PRINCE ARVANIT*, is also founded on the national history, while his Royal Highness, who had hitherto confined his literary labours to the drama and to poetry, has nearly finished a historical novel upon the foundation of Montenegro. Naturally

one who writes in so unfamiliar a language as Serb is at a great disadvantage outside the limits of the scattered Servian race; but in Dalmatia, in Belgrade, and in his own country the Prince is regarded as the first of living Servian poets. Nor does he disdain the humbler work of journalism. His hand may sometimes be traced in the Cetinje paper, *THE VOICE OF THE BLACK MOUNTAIN*, and he is supposed to have inspired the ill-starred *NEVESINJE*, which, after a series of strong attacks on the Austrian occupation of Bosnia and the Herzegovina, collapsed some two years ago. Few sovereigns have been the objects of more frequent interviews,—I have myself more than once had the honour of an audience—and in his case they are never a mere tissue of diplomatic platitudes. For the Prince, though an excellent diplomatist, does not disdain that plain-speaking of which in an earlier age Lord Palmerston was a master; and his eldest son, who recently told an Italian journalist that Austria regarded Montenegro as a carpet over which she could walk into Albania, in this respect, at least, imitates the example of his sire.

That Montenegro has made great progress in the last fifty years is obvious; but it must be admitted that the principality has now reached a critical stage in its development. Prince Nicholas remarked, when he was at Belgrade in 1896, that his people would never consent to do finicking work such as he saw the subjects of King Alexander doing in the cigarette-factories of the Servian capital. It cannot fail to be difficult to accustom the warlike sons of Czrnağora to the regular routine of modern business. All their ideas and all their ideals are of the olden time, and a Montenegrin, away from his own country, is apt to grow homesick and to feel himself an exile, even

though he be the *kavass* of an Embassy at Constantinople or a policeman in Crete. So long as Prince Nicholas lives, his Montenegrins will cheerfully follow him into whatever channel he chooses to direct their activities; they would prefer fighting to a quiet life, but if a hard fate denies them the joys of Albanian raids or skirmishes with Austrian sentries on the frontier of the Herzegovina, then, to please their lord, or *gospodar*, they will live in peace with their neighbours. But Prince Nicholas will be sixty this autumn and has already been forty-one years upon the throne,—a record surpassed by the Austrian Emperor alone among European rulers and very rare in so volcanic a land as the Balkan Peninsula, where assassination or enforced abdication usually cuts short a sovereign's career.¹ Now the Montenegrin Crown-Prince, though a mighty hunter and a young man of agreeable manners and good education, is not likely to prove a second Nicholas; indeed, there is no doubt that the reigning Prince of Montenegro is a man of exceptional ability, who may well be compared with that able organiser, the King of Roumania, in his very different sphere. Like the late M. Stamboloff, he is, it is true, *un géant dans un entresol*, and has never had full room to stretch his limbs and use his faculties to the extent which would have been possible if he had been the Autocrat of all the Russias, instead of the Autocrat of little Montenegro, "the smallest among peoples" still, despite the Berlin Congress, the Dulcigno Demonstration, and the subsequent delimitations of its territory. Of

¹ The last Prince of Montenegro and Prince Michael of Serbia were assassinated; the last King of Greece, the last King of Servia, the last Prince of Bulgaria, and the last Prince of Roumania, abdicated.

course the position of a Crown-Prince gives little scope for the display of talents, whether under an absolute or a constitutional government, and Prince Nicholas is not the man to resign any part of his prerogatives to his eldest son. But Prince Danilo is not considered, by those who know him well, to be of the stuff of which great rulers are made, and in the Balkans more than elsewhere princes must be accomplished diplomatists and strong characters, if they wish to hold their own in that maelstrom of intrigue and mutual rivalries which statesmen call the Eastern Question. Besides, success no less than failure might prove fatal to Montenegro. An enlarged Montenegro would cease to be the Montenegro that we know, and the virtues and qualities that have made and preserved it so far might disappear if it became a second Serbia.

The whole position of affairs in that part of the Balkan Peninsula has been enormously modified since 1878, and not to the advantage of Montenegrin aspirations. From the moment when Austria was confirmed, as the successor of Venice, in her possession of Dalmatia, after the nine years' interlude of French rule in that beautiful province between 1805 and 1814, it was clear that, sooner or later, the *hinterland* of the rocky strip of coast would fall to the share of the Hapsburgs. When that event at last occurred, Prince Nicholas found to his infinite disgust that for a decaying Power in the shape of Turkey he had now as neighbour on that side, a civilising and strong Power, which, shut off from Northern Italy since 1866, had become conscious of its manifest destiny as an Eastern Empire. The patent success of Austro-Hungarian rule in the occupied provinces, despite occasional discontent among the orthodox Serbs

fomented by Russian or Russophil papers, has converted a temporary occupation into a practically permanent possession in all but the name. Side by side with this the expenditure of vast sums on the fortifications of the Bocche di Cattaro, which are fast taking the place of Pola as the Austrian Portsmouth, the military railway aforesaid, and the projected extension of the Bosnian railway from Sarajevo to the Austrian outposts in the Sandjak of Novi-Bazar, all tend to tighten the hold of the Austrian eagle on the Montenegrin frontier. If, therefore, the Prince expects further territorial expansion, he must seek it at the expense of the Turk in Albania. It has, indeed, been a maxim of diplomacy for the last two centuries that, whether he be conquered or be conqueror, the Turk pays, as we saw at the conclusion of the Greco-Turkish war of 1897. In fact we might parody the familiar Horatian line and write: "Whatever mistake the Greeks commit, the Sultan is punished." But when it comes to a partition of their country, the Albanians, as they showed Europe in 1880, will have something to say, and that warlike race is probably quite a match for even Prince Nicholas's new-model army with all its Russian rifles. Montenegro therefore would appear to have reached its greatest area, and it will be well for the Prince's successors if they take to heart the historic saying of Hadrian on his death-bed, not to extend the frontiers of the State. The existing arrangements of Montenegrin society, no less than the hostility of neighbouring Powers, would be strong arguments in favour of letting well alone.

Even in so unprogressive a society as that of the warriors of the Black Mountain the last half century has marked the invasion of some moder-

ideas, which are slowly but surely affecting the minds of the people. The national costume, formerly universal all along the Dalmatian coast and in the mountains behind it, has almost entirely vanished from Cattaro, though it is still common at Cetinje. The Prince invariably wears it in his own country; yet I have a photograph of him in ordinary attire when on his way to visit England, and his daughters are said to prefer European dress, which is perhaps natural as the rather unbecoming garb of the Montenegrin women scarcely appeals to the eternal feminine. In the future it is probable, if we may judge by the analogy of most other Balkan States, that the hideous clothes of the Western male will become the fashion in those mountains also, especially as the Crown-Princess can, as a foreigner, scarcely hope to exercise the same influence as that very remarkable lady, the present Princess, who by both birth and ideas is a true daughter of Crnagora.

As more Montenegrins go abroad to study, it is almost inevitable that, despite their intense love of home and innate conservatism, they should bring back with them some foreign notions which may prove scarcely compatible with paternal despotism. Since the Italian marriage intercourse with Italy has become much more frequent, and it is to be hoped that the sight of the Italian cities will not tend to make the sons of Montenegro discontented with their lot. That was the result of the marriage-connexion between the former princely family and Venice in the fifteenth and early part of the sixteenth centuries, and it ultimately led to the voluntary abdication of the last of the Black Princes and the substitution of the rule of elective Prince-Bishops in his stead. Prince Nicholas is a splendid example to the contrary;

for, though educated in Paris, he is a thorough Montenegrin, and holds strong views on the disadvantages of foreign education. But then he is a man of great force of character, who is not easily moulded by his surroundings. The discovery of mines, again, is apt to cause the introduction of some undesirable elements into a primitive society, and the future development of Montenegro, to which Lord Cranborne alluded in the House of Commons last July, when Mr. Sinclair foolishly proposed the abolition of our useful Minister Resident there, can scarcely be accomplished without brushing some of the bloom off the peach. Public education, however, is one of the boasts of the Montenegrin ruler; yet from what I have seen of its results in some other Balkan communities, I doubt whether it will tend to make the people happier. For, whatever may be the case in Western Europe, the effects of our culture upon the virgin soil of the Balkan Peninsula are not always satisfactory. The late King Milan, who had all the advantages of Western training, was a far less reputable ruler than his great predecessor, Milosh, who spent his youth in tending his father's flocks in the Servian valleys, nor can the Parisianised Turk in a black coat compare, in respect of sterling qualities, with the untutored peasant who is one of the best soldiers in the world. For in a Homeric society such as Montenegro it is primitive virtues and primitive qualities that are needed; and if such a State once enters on a period of transition, it is apt to lose in rugged strength more than it gains in polish. As it is, the Montenegrins are nature's gentlemen, and in stature and physique they are the worthy descendants of the men who held that spot alone in all the Balkans against the Turkish hosts. But warfare has changed much

in these latter days, and bravery and physical prowess are no longer, as in the time of the Prince's heroic father Mirko, the victor of Grahovo, the surest weapons in the fight. In internal administration, too, differentiation of functions is sure to go on. As we saw, since 1851 the Prince has no longer been a priest as well; although he is still head of the judicial system, the famous tree outside his palace, under which he used to sit to hear causes, has been lately blown down, and its fall may prove of ill omen for the personal exercise of judicial functions by the ruler. He will probably always continue to lead his people on the field of battle, as every Montenegrin ruler, priestly or lay, has done; but, as has been pointed out, in Montenegro as elsewhere there is a tendency towards the formation of a standing army on European lines.

For every reason, it is to be hoped that this most heroic people may preserve its independence and its form of government intact. In these democratic days, it is desirable to have a pattern of benevolent autocracy, where the sovereign governs as well as

reigns, and the name of Parliament is unknown. No autocrat has better illustrated the practical merits of such a system for a small and primitive State than has Prince Nicholas; and, while representative institutions have proved a farce in Bulgaria and Servia, and a doubtful blessing in Roumania and Greece, the two best governed Balkan States are precisely those which have been submitted to an enlightened autocracy. In this age of capitalism, small States, like small tradesmen, seem to have a gloomy future before them. But Montenegro's heroic history entitles her to the perpetuation of that honourable independence which she won by the valour of her own right arm, and the present jubilee of the princely office finds her better known and more highly considered in Europe than she has ever been in all the five centuries of her eventful existence. Let us hope that Prince Nicholas may live long, to give the world practical lessons in personal government, to enrich the literature of the Serb people, and to share with the King of Denmark the congenial part of father-in-law to all Europe.

W. MILLER.

DOWN THE DANUBE IN A CANADIAN CANOE.

I.

It was a brilliant day in early June when we launched our canoe on the waters of the Danube, not one hundred yards from its source in the Black Forest, and commenced our journey of four and twenty hundred miles to the Black Sea. Two weeks before we had sent her from London to Donaueschingen by freight, and when the railway-company telegraphed the word *arrived* we posted after her with tent, kit-bags, blankets, cameras, and cooking-apparatus.

Donaueschingen is an old-fashioned little town on the southern end of the Schwarzwald plateau, and the railway that runs through it brings it apparently no nearer to the world. It breathes a spirit of remoteness and tranquillity born of the forests that encircle it, and that fill the air with pleasant odours and gentle murmurings.

There, lying snugly on a shelf in the goods-shed, we found our slender craft, paddles and boat-hook tied securely to the thwarts,—and without a crack! “No duty to pay,” said the courteous official, after examining an enormous book, “and only seventeen marks for freight-charges the whole way from Oxford.” She was sixteen feet long (with a beam of thirty-four inches), and had the slim graceful lines and deep curved ribs of the true Rice Lake (Ontario) build. Two or three inches would float her, and yet she could ride safely at top speed over the waves of a rapid that would have capsized a boat twice her size. Splendid little craft, she bore us faithfully

and well, almost like a thing of life and intelligence, round many a ticklish corner and under more than one dangerous bridge, though this article will only outline some of our adventures in her over the first thousand miles as far as Budapest.

From the yard of the Schuetzen Inn, where she lay all night, we carried her on our shoulders below the picturesque stone bridge and launched her in a pool where the roach and dace fairly made the water dance. You could toss a stone over the river here without an effort, and when we had said farewell to the kindly villagers and steered out into mid-stream, there was so little water that the stroke of the paddle laid bare the shining pebbles upon the bottom and grated along the bed.

“Happy journey!” cried the townsfolk standing on the bank in blue trousers and waving their straw hats. “And quick return,” added the hotel-keeper, who had overcharged us abominably in every possible item. We bore him little malice, however, for there were no inns or hotel-bills ahead of us; and uncommonly light-hearted were we as the canoe felt the stream move beneath her and slipped away at a good speed down the modest little river that must drop twenty-two hundred feet before it pours its immense volume through three arms into the Black Sea.

At first our progress was slow. Patches of white weeds everywhere choked the river and often brought us to a complete standstill, and in less than ten minutes we were aground in a shallow. We had to tuck up our

trousers and wade. This was a frequent occurrence during the day and we soon realised that the hundred and twenty-five miles to Ulm, before the tributaries commence to pour in their icy floods from the Alps, would be slow and difficult. But what of that? It was glorious summer weather; the mountain airs were intoxicating, and the scenery charming beyond words. Nowhere that day was the river more than forty yards across, or over three feet deep. The white weeds lay over the surface like thick cream, but the canoe glided smoothly over them, swishing as she passed. Her slim nose opened a pathway that her stern left gently hissing with bubbles as the leaves rose again to the surface; and behind us there was ever a little milk-white track in which the blossoms swam and danced in the sunshine as the current raced merrily along the new channel thus made for it.

Winding in and out among broad fields and acres of reeds we dropped gently down across the great plateau of the Black Forest mountains. The day was hot and clear, and overhead a few white clouds sailed with us, as it were for company's sake, down the blue reaches of the sky. Usually we coasted along the banks, the reeds touching the sides of the canoe and the wind playing over hosts of nodding flowers and fields level to our eyes with standing hay, while, in the distance, the mountain-slopes, speckled with blue shadows, were ever opening into new vistas and valleys. Here the peaceful Danube still dreams, lying in her beauty-sleep as it were, and with no hint of the racing torrent that comes later with full waking. Pretty villages appeared along the banks at intervals. Pforen was the first, snugly gathered into the nook of the hills; a church, a few red-roofed houses, a wooden bridge, and a castle with a fine stork staring down at us

from her nest in the ruined tower. The peasants were away in the fields and we drifted lazily by without so much as a greeting. Neidingen was the second, where a huge crucifix presided over the centre of the quaint bridge, and where we landed to buy butter, potatoes, and onions. Gutmadingen was the third; and here a miller and his men helped our portage over the weir while his wife stood in the hot sunshine and asked questions.

"Where are you going to?"

"The Black Sea." She had never heard of it, and evidently thought we were making fun of her. "Ulm, then," Ah! Ulm she knew. "But it's an enormous distance! And is the tent for rain?" she asked.

"No; for sleeping in at night."

"Ach was!" she exclaimed. "Well, I wouldn't sleep a night in that tent, or go a yard in that boat, for anything you could give me."

The miller was more appreciative. He gave us a delicious drink,—a sort of mead, which was most refreshing and which, he assured us, would not affect the head in the least—and told us there were twenty-four more weirs before we reached Ulm, the beginning of navigation. But none the less he, too, had his questions to ask.

"I thought all the Englishmen had gone to the war. The papers here say that England is quite empty."

The temptation was too great to resist. "No," we said gravely, "only the big ones went to the war. [We were both over six feet.] England is still full of men of the smaller sizes like ourselves." The expression on his face lightened our work considerably for the next mile.

Soon after the river left the plateau behind it and took a sudden leap into the Donaual. We shot round a corner about six o'clock and came upon a little willow-island in mid-stream. Here we landed and pitched

our tent on the long grass, made a fire, peeled the onions, fried our strips of beef with the potatoes, and made excellent tea. On all sides the pines crept down close into the narrowing valley. In the evening sunlight, with long shadows slanting across the hills, we smoked our pipes after our meal. There were no flies and the air was cool and sweet. Presently the moon rose over the ridge of forest behind us and the lights of Immendingen, twinkling through the shadows, were just visible a mile below us. The night was cool and the river hurried almost silently past our tent-door. When at length we went to bed, on cork mattresses with india-rubber sheets under us and thick Austrian blankets over us, everything was sopping with dew.

The bells of Immendingen coming down the valley were the first sounds we heard as we went to bathe at seven o'clock next morning in the cold sparkling water; and later, when we scrambled over the great Immendingen weir no villagers came to look on and say "*Engländer, Engländer,*" for it was Sunday morning and they were all at mass.

The valley grew narrower and limestone cliffs shone white through the sombre forests. It was very lonely between the villages. The river, now sixty yards wide, swept in great semi-circular reaches under the very shadow of the hills; storks stood about fishing in the shallows; wild swans flew majestically in front of us,—we came across several nests with eggs—and duck were plentiful everywhere. Once, in an open space on the hills, we saw a fine red fox motionless in his observation of some duck,—and ourselves. Presently he trotted away into the cover of the woods and the ducks quacked their thanks to us. Then suddenly, above Möhringen, just when we were con-

gratulating ourselves that wading was over for good, the river dwindled away into a thin trickling line of water that showed the shape of every single pebble in its bed. We went aground continually. Half the Danube had escaped through fissures in the ground. It comes out again, on the other side of the mountains, as the river Ach, and flows into the Lake of Constance. The river was now less in volume than when we started, clear as crystal, dancing in the sunshine, weaving like a silver thread through the valley, and making delightful music over the stones. Yet most of our journey that day was wading. Trousers were always tucked up to the knees, and we had to be ready to jump out at a moment's notice. Before the numberless little rapids the question was: "Is there enough water to float us? Can we squeeze between those rocks? Is that wave a hidden stone, or merely the current?" The steersman stood up to get a better view of the channel and avoid the sun's glare on the water, and in this way we raced down many a bit of leaping, hissing water; and, incidentally, had many a sudden shock before the end, tumbling out headlong, banging against stones, and shipping water all the time. The canoe got sadly scratched, and we decided at length to risk no more of these baby-rapids. A torn canoe in the Black Forest, miles from a railway, spelt helplessness. Thereafter we waded the rapids. It was a hot and laborious process,—the feet icy cold, the head burning hot, and the back always bent double. Weirs, too, became frequent, and unloading and reloading was soon reduced to a science. In the afternoon the villagers poured out to stare and look on. They rarely offered to help, but stood round as close as possible while

we unloaded, examining articles, and asking questions all the time. They had no information to give. Few of them knew anything of the river ten miles below their particular village, and none had ever been to Ulm. Now and then there was a sceptical "*Dass ist unmöglich* (that's impossible)," when we mentioned Ulm as our goal. "*Ach je!* They're mad, — in *that* boat!"

From Donaueschingen to Ulm there is a weir in every five miles, and our progress was slow. Whenever the river grew deep we learned to know that a dam was near; and below a dam there was scarcely enough water to float an egg-shell. But there was no occasion to hurry; everything was done in leisurely fashion in this great garden of Württemberg, and most of the villages were sound asleep. At Möhringen, indeed, we got the impression that the village had slept for at least a hundred years and that our bustling arrival had suddenly awakened it. It lay in a clearing of the forest, in a charming mossy bed that no doubt made sleep a delightful necessity. The miller invited us to the inn, where we found a score of peasants in their peaked hats and black suits of broadcloth sitting each in front of a foaming tankard; but they drank so slowly that a hundred years did not seem too long to finish a tankard. There was very little conversation, and they stared unconscionably, bowing gravely when we ordered their stone mugs to be refilled and regarding us all the time with steady, expressionless interest. In due time, however, they digested us, and then the stream of inevitable questions burst forth.

"You bivouac! You go to the sea? If you ever get to Ulm! You have come the whole way from London in *that* shell?"

We gulped down the excellent cold beer and hurried away. The river dwindled to a width of a dozen yards and wading was incessant. We lightened the canoe as much as possible, but, our kit having been already reduced to what seemed only strictly necessary, there was little enough to throw away,—a tin plate, a tin cup, a fork, a spoon, a knife, and a red cushion. These we piled up in a little mound upon the bank with a branch stuck in the ground to draw attention. I wonder who is now using those costly articles.

Another series of picturesque villages glided past us: Tuttlingen, famous (as the dirty water proclaimed) for its tanneries, and where a couple of hundred folk in their Sunday clothes watched our every movement as we climbed round two high and difficult weirs; Nendingen, where a kind and silent miller gave us of his cool mead; Mülheim straggling half-way up the hills with its red-brown roofs and church and castle all mingled together in most picturesque confusion, as if it had slipped down from the summit and never got straight again; and Friedingen, where we laid in fresh supplies, and found two Germans who had spent years in California, and whose nasal voices sounded strangely out of place among their guttural neighbours. "Camp anywhere you please," they said, "and no one'll objec' to your fires so long as you put 'em out."

I forget how many more villages ending in *ingen* we passed; but now that the heat of the day, and the labour and toil of wading are forgotten, they come before me again with their still, peaceful loveliness like a string of quaint jewels strung along the silver thread of the river.

Soon the water increased and the canoe sped onwards among the little waves and rapids like a winged thing.

The mountains became higher, the valley narrower. Limestone cliffs, scooped and furrowed by the eddies of a far larger Danube thousands of years before, rose gleaming out of the pine-woods about their base. We plunged in among the Swabian Alps, and the river tumbled very fast and noisily along a rock-strewn bed. It darted across from side to side, almost as though the cliffs were tossing it across in play to each other. One moment we were in blazing sunlight, the next in deep shadow under the cliffs. There was no room for houses, and no need for bridges; boats we never saw; big, grey fish-hawks, circling buzzards, storks by the score had this part of the river all to themselves.

Suddenly we turned a sharp corner and shot at full speed into an immense cauldron. It was a perfect circle, half a mile in diameter, bound in by the limestone cliffs. The more ancient river had doubtless filled it with a terrifying whirlpool, for the rocks were strangely scooped and eaten into curves hundreds of feet above us. But now its bottom was a clean flat field, where the little stream, with its audacious song, whipped along at the very foot of the cliffs on one side of the circle.

It was a lonely secluded spot, the very place for a camp. Though only five o'clock on a June afternoon the cliffs kept out the sunshine. We sank the canoe, to soak up cracks and ease strained ribs, and soon had our tent up, and a fire burning. Then we climbed the cliffs. It was a puzzle to see how the river got in or got out. As we climbed we came across deep recesses and funnel-shaped holes, caves with spiral openings in the roof, and pillars shaped like an hour-glass. Across the gulf the ruined castle of Kallenberg stood on a point of rock that was apparently inaccessible,

and when the evening star shone over its broken battlements, it might well have been a ghostly light held aloft by the shades of the robber-barons who once lived in it. When we went to bed at ten o'clock the full moon shone upon the white cliffs with a dazzling brilliance that seemed to turn them into ice, while the deep shadows over the river made the scene strangely impressive. Only the tumbling of the water and the chirping of the crickets broke the silence. In the night we woke and thought we heard people moving round the tent, but, on going out to see, the canoe was still safe, and the white moonshine revealed no figures. It was doubtless the river talking in its sleep, or the wind wandering lost among the bushes.

At five o'clock next morning I looked out of the tent and found our cauldron full of seething mist through which the sunshine was just beginning to force a way. An hour later the tent was too hot for comfort.

All day we followed the gorge, with many a ruined castle of impregnable position looking down upon us from the cliffs. The valley widened about noon, and fields ablaze with poppies lay in the sun, while tall yellow flags fringed the widening river. In another great circle, similar in formation to that of Kallenberg, but five times as large, we found the monastery of Beuron with its eighty monks and fifty lay-brothers. We bathed and put on our celluloid collars (full dress in an outfit where weight is of supreme importance) and went up to the gates. A bearded monk, acting as door-keeper, thrust a smiling face through the wicket in answer to our summons and informed us with genuine courtesy that the monastery was not open to visitors at this time of year.

"There are many visitors in summer, I regret," he explained.

"Visitors! How do they get here?"

"By road; they come from long distances, driving and walking."

"But we may never be here again; we are on our way to the Black Sea."

"Ah, then you will see far more wonderful things than this in your journey." He remained firm; so, by way of consolation we went to the Gasthaus Zur Zonne and enjoyed a meal,—the first for a week that we had not cooked ourselves.

It was a quiet, out-of-the-world spot. Monks were everywhere working in the fields, ploughing and hay-making; and it was here I first saw sheep following a shepherd. A curious covered bridge, lined with crucifixes, crossed the river, and we took an interesting photograph of a monk in a black straw hat and gown going over it with a cloud of dust in the blazing sunshine followed by fifty sheep. There was contentment on all faces, but the place must be dreadfully lonely and desolate in winter. We bought immense loaves in the monks' bakery, and matches, cigars, sugar, and meat in a *devotionshandlung* (store for religious articles)!

Sigmaringen, with its old rock-perched castle and its hundred turrets gleaming in the sun, was reached just in time to find shelter from a thunderstorm that seemed to come out of a clear sky. There was a hurricane of wind, and the rain filled the quaint old streets with dashing spray. In an hour it cleared away, and we pushed on again; but the river had meanwhile risen nearly a foot. The muddy water rushed by with turbulent eddies, and the bridges were crowded with people to see us pass. They stood in silent dark rows without gesture or remark, and stared.

Suddenly the storm broke again with redoubled fury. Up went their umbrellas, and we heard their guttural laughter. In a few minutes we were soaked, and no doubt cut a sorry figure as we launched the canoe at the foot of the big weir and vanished into the gathering darkness. We swirled between the pillars of another bridge in sheets of rain and the outlook for a dry camp and a fire was decidedly poor. It was after nine o'clock when we landed in despair under a clump of trees on the left bank, and found to our delight that they concealed a solitary wedge of limestone cliff, and that in this cliff there was an arch, and under that arch a quantity of dry wood. A fire was soon blazing in the strip under the arch,—some three feet wide—and the tent stood beneath the dripping trees. Our waterproof sheets and cork mattresses kept us dry, though all night the rain poured down, while outside we could hear the swollen river rushing past with a seething roar.

Next day the rapids began in earnest. Rapids are to canoeers what fences are to fox-hunters. The first wave curls over in front of the canoe, there is a hiss and a bump, a slap of wet spray in the face, and then the canoe leaps under you and rushes headlong. At Riedlingen, while carrying the canoe across a slippery weir, we fell, boat and all, into the deep hole below the fall, luckily with no worse result than a wetting, for our kit was safely piled upon the bank. At Dietfurt we went into an apparently deserted village to buy milk, but the moment we entered the street it became alive. From every door poured men and women gaping, and the moment they spied the little yellow canoe upon the shore they rushed down in a flock shouting "*E' schiff! E' schiff!*" But, if

they ran fast, we ran faster, and were off before the terrible onslaught of questions had even begun. The milk was a mere detail.

At Gutenstein, where we camped in a hay-field, the mowers woke us at dawn, peering into the mouth of the tent. But they made no objections and merely said "*Gruss Gott*" and "*Gute Reise*;" and for an hour afterwards I heard their scythes musically in my dreams as they cut a pathway for us to the river.

At Obermarchsthal we left the mountains behind us, and with them, too, the memory of a pathetic figure. As we landed to go up to the little inn for eggs, an old man, leaning on a stick, hobbled down to meet us. His white hair escaped in disorder from beneath a peaked blue hat, and he wore a suit of a curious checked pattern that seemed wholly out of keeping with the dress of the country. At first, when he spoke, I could not understand him, and asked him in German to repeat his remarks.

"He's talking English," said my companion. "Can't you hear?" And English it was. He invited us up to the inn and told us his story over a mug of beer.

"This is my native village. I was born and raised here, and sixty years ago I ran away from Germany to escape military service. I went to the United States and settled finally in Alabama. I had a shop in Mobile, down South in a nigger town, and as soon as I was ready I wrote to the girl I left here to come out to me. She came and we were married. I've had two wives since out there. Now they're all buried in a little churchyard outside Mobile. And this is the first time I've been back in sixty years," he went on after a gulp of beer. "The village ain't changed one single bit. I feel as though I'd been sleepin' and sorter dreamin' all

the while. . . . The shop's sold and I'm takin' a last look round at the ole place. There's only one or two that remembers me, but I was born and raised here, and this is where I had my first love, and the place is full of memories, just chock full. No, I ain't a goin' to live here. I'm goin' back to the States nex' month, so as I can die there and lie beside the others in the cemetery at Mobile."

The country became flatter and the mountains were soon a blue line on the horizon behind us. At Opfingen we crossed our last weir, and among the clouds in front of us saw the spire of Ulm cathedral, the tallest in the world. A fierce current swept us past banks fringed with myrtle bushes, poppies, and yellow flags. Poplars rose in lines over the country, bending their heads in the wind, and we camped at eight o'clock in a wood about a mile above the town. While dinner was cooking a dog rushed barking up to us followed by three men with guns. They were evidently German Jäger. Two of them were dressed like pattern plates out of a tailor's guide to sportsmen,—in spotless gaiters, pointed hats with feathers (like stage Tyrolese), guns with the latest slings, and silver whistles slung on coloured cord round their necks. They examined the canoe first, and then came up and examined us. One of them, who was probably the proprietor of the land, a surly gruff fellow, had evidently made up his mind that we were poachers. And I must admit that at first sight there was ground for suspicion, for no poacher could possibly have found fault with our appearance.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"Preparing to camp for the night," we told him.

"When are you going on?"

"We intend to go into Ulm in the morning."

"Where do you come from; are you Englishmen?"

"Yes; we come from London."

"*Ach was!*" (they all say *Ach was* when they want to be witheringly scornful). "In *that* egg-shell?"

"Certainly."

"And where are you going to?"

"Odessa."

They exchanged glances. "Evidently madmen, and not poachers," said the face of the man with the biggest silver whistle plainer than any words could have spoken it. "Do you know these are private preserves?" was the next question.

"No." My friend, a keen sportsman, sheltered himself scowling behind his alleged ignorance of German, (somehow he always knew our conversation afterwards to a word); but the penny whistle and the immaculate costume of the hunters in a scrubby wood where not even a rabbit lived, excited him to explosions of laughter which he concealed by frequent journeys to the tent.

"What's in that tent?"

"Beds." The *chasseurs* and the keeper went to examine, while the dog sniffed about everywhere. Our beds were not then untied, and the sportsman untied them; but they found only blankets and cork mattresses.

"You have no guns, or dogs, or fishing-rods?" We shook our heads sulkily. "And you are only travelling peacefully for pleasure?"

"We are trying to," we said meekly.

"Then you may sleep here if you go on again to-morrow; but don't go into the woods after game." Then the men moved off. Doubtless they were right to ask questions, yet we were so obviously travellers. "Still, our weather-worn appearance and un-

shaved faces probably made us look more than a little doubtful," quoth my friend, who himself wore a slouch hat that did not add to the candour of his expression.

In the middle of dinner the men suddenly returned from another angle of the wood and examined everything afresh. We offered them some tea in a tin cup which they declined; and at last after watching us at our meal in silence for ten minutes they moved off, evidently still suspicious. Thereafter we always knew them as the *chasseurs*. They were not the only pests, however. Mosquitoes appeared later,—our first—and that night we slept behind the mosquito-netting we had so carefully fitted to the mouth of the tent when we first erected it weeks before in the garden of a London square. During the night someone prowled about the tent. We heard twigs snapping and the footsteps among the bushes; but neither of us troubled ourselves to get up. If they took the canoe, they'd be drowned; and our other only valuables (a celluloid collar apiece, a clean suit for the big towns, and a map,) were safely inside the tent.

In the morning we shaved and washed carefully, and put on our full dress for the benefit of Ulm. We intended to paddle down quietly and stop at the Rowing Club wharf of which we had read; according to the map it was a mile, and the current easy and pleasant. We wished our entrance to be sober and in good taste.

The best-laid plans, however, will sometimes go amiss when you're canoeing on the Danube. We were half way when we heard a roar like a train rushing over a hollow bridge. It grew louder every minute. In front of us the water danced and leaped, and before we knew what had happened we were plunging about among foaming waves and flying

past the banks at something more than ten miles an hour.

"It's the Iller," cried my friend as the paddle was nearly wrested from his grasp. "It's marked on the map just about here."

It was the Iller. It had come in at an acute angle after running almost parallel with us for a little distance. It tumbled in at headlong speed, with an icy, turbulent flood of muddy water, and it gave the sedate Danube an impetus that it did not lose for another hundred miles below Ulm. For a space the two rivers declined to mingle. The noisy, dirty Iller, fresh from the Alps, kept to the right bank, going twice as fast as its more dignified companion on the left. A distinct line (as though drawn by a rope) divided them, in colour, speed, and height,—the Iller remaining for a long time at least half an inch above the level of the Danube. At length they mingled more freely and swept us down upon Ulm in a torrent of rough, racing water. Our leisurely dignified entrance into Ulm was, like the suspicions of the *chasseurs*, a structure built on insufficient knowledge,

a mere dream. Ulm lies on a curve of the river. Big bridges with nasty thick pillars (and whirlpools, therefore, behind them) stand at both entrance and exit. How we raced under the first bridge I shall never forget. We were half way through the town, with the wet spray still on our cheeks, before the sound of the gurgling eddies below the bridge had ceased behind us. Where, oh, where was the friendly wharf of that Danube Rowing Club? The second bridge rose before us. There were crested waves under its arches. Already Ulm was almost a thing of the past; yet we had hoped to spend at least a week exploring its beauties.

"There it is," cried my friend in the bows, "on the left bank! That old board,—see it? That's the wharf."

We managed to turn in mid current and point the canoe up-stream. Then, by paddling as hard as we could, we dropped down past the wharf at a pace that just enabled us to grasp the rings in the boards and come to a standstill. You'll never forget Ulm if you arrive there, as we did, in a canoe, when the Iller is in flood.

(To be continued.)

THE LAND OF THE POPPY.

II.—ITS SUPERSTITIONS.

THREE hundred years ago in England the minds of men were as prone to superstitious beliefs as the minds of the masses are in India at the present day. The power of the evil eye, for instance, was a common article of belief among our ancestors in that far-off time. Brave men shuddered and crossed themselves at the hooting of an owl, and thought they had done a good deed when they had helped to burn some lonely old woman whose ill-favoured countenance and evil temper had given her the fatal reputation of a witch. Black cats were then considered suitable embodiments for familiar spirits, ravens were looked upon as birds of ill-omen, and the current superstition regarding toads has been crystallised in the well-known lines that describe them as "venomous" and as wearing "a precious jewel" in their heads. The innocent shrew-mouse was often pounded to death in the hollow stump of an old ash-tree to ease the twinges of rheumatism in my lord the Baron's withered legs: the grating noise made by the mandibles of the wood-boring beetle was listened to with awed attention in the sick man's chamber as indicating the near approach of the sufferer's death; and in many other instances miraculous powers were ascribed to creatures that have long been known to be entirely guiltless of these attributes.

These beliefs died hard; but they may now be looked upon as having passed out of the lives of English men and women of the twentieth century. Here and there, in some remote

country village, old-fashioned people may be found who still adhere religiously to some old belief, but even among the uneducated these landmarks of the past are getting fewer every year. As in the old time extreme credulity marched hand-in-hand with extreme ignorance, so in the enlightened days of this century want of belief is the brand of the typical man. The attitude of mind produced by the modern system of education is one of logical enquiry. Nothing is taken for granted, and belief seems only possible where conviction is nailed to the mast by scientific demonstration.

It is very different with the sensuous races that inhabit the East. The mantle of sheer illogical belief still hangs in dark folds over their minds. They are accordingly capable of gravely crediting the existence of witches and warlocks, of looking upon epidemic diseases as the incarnations of deities, and of attributing the ordinary mishaps of life to the malignity of sorcerers or evil spirits. This trait in the character of the inhabitants of India is one not to be lightly regarded in dealing with them. Satire will make them silent, but it does not convince them that they are wrong. They regard Europeans as outside the pale of the influences that regulate their life; and therefore the fact that Europeans seem to be able to disregard with impunity these omens and signs is not considered by them to in any way affect the truth of their notions.

As it happens that so large a por-

tion of the inhabitants of the British Empire is still under the thralldom of superstitious ideas, it may be found interesting to describe some of the beliefs current among the dwellers in the Land of the Poppy, regarding the supernatural attributes of man and beast.

Brahmans are, as is well known, held in great veneration by Hindus. They represent the highest stage of earthly development a Hindu can attain to, and there are numerous legends of the supernatural attributes of men of this caste.

Some months ago in the course of my official duties I happened to visit a village in the Ghazipur district of the North-West Provinces called Hetimpur. I heard that there was a ruined fort here of considerable antiquity and accordingly went to explore it. The fort had apparently consisted of a rectangular enclosure with towers at each corner, and a square tower over the gate-way. Inside this enclosure there had once been several buildings, but at the time of my visit only one was standing in fairly good preservation. The floor of the rooms in this building rang hollow to the footstep, showing that there were subterranean chambers below, but the entrance to these had been blocked up and further exploration was not possible.

Walking round the enclosure my attention was attracted by a well which had been constructed under one of the corner towers. Knowing that these wells are often very deep, I advanced to peer over the brink, when my progress was stopped by an exclamation of horror from a man who up to this moment had remained crouching on the ground near a curious buttress-like projection somewhat to my left. This man approached me with entreaties not to advance any further as I was standing on holy

ground. The spot before me, he declared, was a Brahm. As I had previously been told that the fort was a Mussulman structure I felt curious to know how this could be, and my inquiries elicited the following tale.

A long time ago, before the British power had been consolidated in these regions, a Mussulman adventurer, Hetim Khan, the Lodi, settled on the spot now known as Hetimpur, and built himself the fort in whose ruins I was now standing. For some mysterious reason, apparently not connected with inferior bricks and mortar, the walls kept continually cracking open and falling asunder. Like a true medieval baron the Afghan chief at once concluded that some supernatural agency must be at work to cause the subsidence of his castle-walls. There being no soothsayer among his wild retainers, he took the extreme step of consulting a holy sage, a Brahman, who dwelt not far from the fort, and was known as Matarudr. To him went the warrior, putting his Mussulman pride in his pocket, and poured forth the tale of his troubles. The sage apparently was sympathetic, and detaching his thoughts for a while from supermundane subjects gravely advised the khan to adopt the old expedient of the country, and bury seven victims, belonging to the seven Hindu castes, alive in the precincts of the fort. This sacrifice would appease the offended evil spirit, to whose indignation the khan owed the unsatisfactory state of his fortress.

Nothing loth to comply with advice that enabled him to send seven unbelievers to everlasting torment, and at the same time to secure an immediate temporal benefit, the khan returned and set to work. He managed to secure six men of the inferior castes, and built them up in six little brick ovens in various parts of the enclosure. He was not able to carry

out the sage's advice to the letter, as he found it difficult to kidnap a Brahman. Reckless as he was, Hetim the Lodi hesitated to seize and slay a Brahman in the midst of a country where men of this holy caste were looked upon as little inferior to deities.

Nevertheless the walls of his fort continued to crack and fall in till he grew weary of rebuilding them.

At length, having worked himself up into a state of righteous indignation, and arguing that if the sage had advised him to slay a Brahman he should also tell him how he was to procure one, the khan proceeded to pay a second visit to Matarudr. On this occasion he evidently reproached the holy man with having given advice which he knew to be impracticable. The sage, understanding the meaning of these reproaches and wishing to do his country a service, offered himself as a sacrifice. Hetim reflected for a moment. This cool proposal took him by surprise, and was indeed something more than he had expected. Yet being a man of an impetuous nature and his wild Afghan blood being up at the time, he closed with the offer, carried off the sage, and calmly buried him alive. The result was disastrous in the extreme. The cracks and holes in the walls became larger and more numerous, and finally almost all the buildings in the enclosure came down in hopeless ruin, as though an earthquake had shaken the place. Hatim Khan did not take so prominent a place in local history as he had hoped, and his family died out. His fort is now a place of sacred pilgrimage to the pious Hindus dwelling in the neighbourhood, and twice a week parties of them go to pray at Matarudr's grave. The walls of the fort are slowly crumbling away, and the bricks lie in heaps about the courtyard. No one will touch them, for

it is said that he who dares to carry any of them away will become a leper. The spirit of Matarudr the Brahman is supposed to dwell in the vicinity of the grave it chose as its earthly resting-place, and to resent any interference with its domains.

This legend, firmly believed by the inhabitants of the surrounding country-side, shows how deeply embedded in their minds is the idea that *bhûts*, or the spirits of men who have met with an untimely fate, haunt the spots where their earthly trials came to conclusion. In this case also, as the victim was a Brahman and a sage, the spot became a shrine.

On another occasion I was listening to a complaint made by a Koeri cultivator of the high-handed treatment he received from some Brahmans living in the same village. He owned a well, but the Brahmans were in the habit of drawing water from it whenever they pleased, not scrupling to drive him away and unyoke his cattle if they found him at work. He was a respectable well-to-do man, and I asked him why he endured this sort of tyranny. He replied that if ever he attempted to resist, the Brahmans threatened that they would make one of their number jump into the well and commit suicide. "What of it?" I said. "Why not let them carry out their threat?" He clasped his hands, and said he could not think of doing so, as the dead Brahman's spirit would become a *bhût*, and haunt the spot and bring untold misery upon himself and all his family. He preferred to endure the ills he knew to tempt the outpouring of vials of wraths of which he could only faintly conjecture the capacity.

The Brahmans fully appreciate the advantages of their reputation for holiness, and are careful, in their position as guardians of the religious belief of the masses, to foster these ideas.

While the sight of a Brahman is auspicious and his blessing is eagerly sought by those who meet him, it is considered very unlucky to meet an individual of the *telī* caste on first leaving the house. Any enterprise undertaken after such an encounter would be very likely to fail, and it would be considered wiser for a traveller to return and make a fresh start under more favourable omens.

In many districts in Oudh the belief in the evil eye is still prevalent, and any sudden attack of illness is always attributed to this cause. In the opinion of the sufferer and his friends some enemy of his has, as they say put *tonda*, or cast the evil eye on him. In such cases the patient usually falls in a state of deep mental depression, and it is generally found to be a waste of time and words to attempt to convince him that he has caught a chill, and is suffering from fever or dysentery. He gazes at you with mournful lack-lustre eyes, and articulates the one word *tonda*. He clasps his hands, and begs to be allowed ten days' leave to visit a celebrated professor of *gharphunk*, or curative magic, and shows no signs of recovering until he is allowed to go. It must be admitted that a few days after he generally returns smiling and well, and declares that the *gharphunk-wallah* told him that had he waited a day longer it would not have been possible to counteract the spell.

This is one of the instances of mind acting on matter. It is impossible to say whether the benevolent necromancer practises hypnotism, or whether he first quiets his patient's fears by meaningless incantations, and then restores his physical health by simple remedies.

The belief in the existence of evil spirits and *bhūts*, or the disembodied ghosts of men, is quite common.

Evil spirits are supposed to haunt the neighbourhood of burning *ghāts*, the places on the banks of rivers where dead bodies are cremated; such places are looked upon with horror by natives, and in ordinary circumstances they will not approach them after night-fall.

Bhūts, as I have said, are the ghosts of people who have come to an untimely end, and have not had the proper funeral ceremonies performed for them by their relatives or friends. The *bhūt* is supposed to wander about the scene of the destruction of its body, and to either terrify and destroy the luckless wights it may meet, or, to take possession of them and drive them to commit insane or evil deeds. My own experience will furnish an instance of this belief. Being encamped at a village called Pipargaon in the Futttehghur district, my men complained that at night a *bhūt* had wandered about the camp uttering mournful wails that made their flesh creep with terror. They said they had been informed by the village people that a *dhobin* (washer-woman) had committed suicide in a small tank close to the grove in which my camp was pitched, and begged me to move to some other place, as they feared evil would arise out of our intrusion into the ghost's domains. We spent another day and night at the place, and the next morning my horse, upon my approaching to mount it, suddenly became very restive, reared, and threw itself on its side, damaging the saddle in doing so. The *syce* (groom) immediately declared that the *bhūt* had entered into the horse, and in this opinion the whole camp agreed, with the exception, needless to say, of myself. The horse continued to give trouble for some time, but finally yielded to exercise. I afterwards learned that the groom had had re-

course to magic, and had the ghost cast out, as he believed, by means of spells.

But it is not his fellow-men alone that the imaginative villager has endowed with supernatural or miraculous attributes. Animals, birds, reptiles, and insects are each credited with some power or quality which secures them a permanent place in the affections of their two-footed neighbours, or makes them the objects of his unreasoning abhorrence and persecution.

The cow stands forth pre-eminent as an object of veneration and respect, and miraculous curative powers, both for the soul and body, are ascribed to its various products. Strange as it may seem, the Hindu is often made, through his superstitious veneration of the cow, to treat it at times with positive inhumanity. This occurs in the case of sick animals that the owner is unable to cure. When a cow becomes very old, or is seized with some incurable sickness, the owner dare not, even if he wished, put it out of its misery at once. Believing that such an act would bring eternal damnation on himself, and disgrace on his family, he calmly abandons the wretched animal to its fate. The exhausted creature, unable to drag itself home, throws itself on the ground, and before life is extinct becomes the prey of crows and vultures. The jungle-crow is ever on the watch for such victims, and it is not uncommon to find these black-coated ruffians picking at the eyes of a dying cow that is too feeble to do more than shudder at the torture inflicted on it. A bull-calf is often let loose in the name of Shiva and becomes after that a sacred animal. No one attempts to catch it or harm it in any way. It roams at large feeding where it will, and often grows to be an animal of splendid size and

strength. The destruction it does among the ripening crops is enormous, yet no one complains of the depredations of the privileged *sark*, as it is called, while a mouthful snatched by a stray pony or a wandering goat will make the owner of the crop burst forth into loud complaints that his field has been destroyed and himself completely ruined.

When a native gentleman wishes to buy a horse, he pays quite as much heed to the omens as to the points of the animal shown to him. Should the beast be faultlessly made he will reject it if it happens to have a wall eye. Should it, on the other hand, have a curl of hair on the side of its neck and one on its chest the animal is a lucky one, and the owner will be able to secure a higher price than he could have hoped for from a consideration of its soundness.

The jackal, so common on the outskirts of Indian villages, is, like the hare among the ancient Romans, capable of affording the traveller a peep into the future. If one be observed moving in front of him the omen is a good one, and the traveller goes on with a light heart; it would be otherwise if the animal crossed his path.

The owl is considered by all natives to be an unlucky bird, and its hooting is held in detestation by them. They are unwilling to call each other by their names when close to an owl, believing that if they do so, the bird will learn the name it hears, and continue repeating it until the death of the doomed man occurs. One of the names of the owl is *urhua*. This word has been derived from the sound made by the brown wood-owl, whose cry, when heard from a short distance, is not unlike the syllables *urhua* uttered in a loud and trembling tone. This strange cry can easily be twisted into the words *Babua*

or Rama, two very common native names, and this accidental resemblance may explain the origin of the superstition. The innocent owl is, according to natives, evil in mind and body. Even when dead its dreadful powers do not forsake it, for should anyone taste its flesh the results would be insanity for which no cure is known.

On the other hand the peacock, the blue pigeon, and the jay are welcome birds to the villagers' sight. The peacock is held in special veneration, and, except in very wild places, its destruction is looked upon as a sacrilegious act. It is accordingly allowed to dwell in the fields in large flocks, and to feed at will upon the growing crops, among which it lives in happy security with the sacred bulls and the sacred monkeys. The integuments of the quills of the peacock's train are considered a good remedy for that mysterious wasting away to which so many Indian children succumb. The integuments are reduced to powder and given to the little patient mixed with milk, and a small feather is hung round the child's neck by means of a black thread. The parents then consider they have taken energetic steps to promote the child's recovery.

Virtue is said to be its own reward, and this must emphatically be true in the case of the grey horn-bill or *danesh* of the natives. This quaint and interesting bird, that spends much of its time in the higher boughs of the *pipal*-tree feasting on its insipid figs, and uttering every now and then its curious harsh cry not unlike the scratching of a nail on a tin plate, is supposed to yield an oil of high medicinal value. This oil, prepared by boiling down the fat on the horn-bill's breast, is used as a cure for pains and aches, and is the virtue for which the restless *dhanesh* often pays the penalty of its life.

The black partridge, or francolin, is regarded by Mussulmans with feelings of sympathy, as it is supposed to say the following words when it utters its strident call: "*Subhan teri kudrat hai* (oh holy God, all things depend on thy power)."

Whatever kindly feeling is evoked towards the francolin by its pious utterances is, however, more than made up for by the cruel practice which Mussulman cooks are said to have of pulling out the tongues of turkeys by the roots before killing them for their master's dinner. I have not been able to trace the origin of this barbarous custom, but it is supposed to be done because the bird uses its voice in dispraise of the Prophet.

Among reptiles the first place must be given to the snake, and prominently to the cobra, whose dreadful presence always lurks, a standing menace to life, about our gardens and out-houses in India. It is a very sacred reptile among natives, and if they can avoid it they will never destroy one. A traveller meeting a cobra that looks at him and expands its hood rejoices and goes on his way, for he has seen a good omen. Once a year a great festival, known as the Nag Panchami, is held in honour of snakes, and on this occasion milk is offered to the brutes.

It is considered very unlucky to use the word *samp* (snake) at night; such an act would, it is thought, ensure a visit from one of these undesirable creatures. If it is necessary to refer to the subject at all it is considered preferable to use the word *kira* (worm), which apparently gives no offence, as it endues the snake with the harmless qualities of an insignificant creature. This superstition calls to mind the close connection between the Serpent and the Evil One, and the old proverb, "Speak of the Devil and he is sure to appear."

When a snake happens to be killed great care is taken to destroy the head. This is crushed into a shapeless mass, the idea being that without such a precaution the creature would come to life again.

Snakes are, moreover, looked upon as the guardians of hidden treasure, and are themselves supposed to retain a jewel of priceless value and lustre in their heads. This jewel they are believed to eject from their mouths, but of the purpose for which this is done I have never been able to find an explanation.

The *dhaman*, or whip-snake, which lives a great deal on rats and is therefore frequently to be seen in the rafters of houses, is also much dreaded by natives, though its bite is not poisonous. They assert that it can inflict incurable wounds with its tail, and it is consequently approached with as much caution as the deadly *nag*, or cobra, itself.

All natives believe in the powers of snake-charmers, and frequently hire one of these gentry to rid their precincts of an obnoxious visitor. Their powers may be doubted, but it is impossible to deny that many of these men are very skilful and bold in capturing snakes, and some of their exploits with healthy cobras would put the performances of Brusher Mills and the vipers of Epping Forest entirely in the shade.

The familiar wall-lizard, or *gecko*, that haunts the vicinity of every lamp at night and enjoys a riotous feast when the white-ants swarm in the beginning of the rains, has also its superstitions attached to it. Should one of these little creatures run on to a person's body from the ground it is considered a sign of good luck; but if it were to fall upon any one from the rafters or wall the omen is bad. Needless to say the bad omen occurs more frequently than the good one,

and so the *chipkuli*, as the quaint little creature is called, is not a general favourite with the natives.

The crested tree-lizards, the outdoor cousins of the *chipkuli*, are not so fortunate as their smaller relatives. They are looked upon by Mussulmans of the Shia sect with detestation, and are killed by them without compunction. They are supposed to be of the same race as the lizards which betrayed the hiding-place of Hassan, by breaking the web that the friendly spider had woven over the mouth of the well in which the fugitive prince had sought concealment from his pursuers.

After snakes one of the commonest pests in Indian houses are scorpions. Dreadful as the pain of their sting is, no native will willingly destroy one of them. They will take infinite pains to capture the creature and cut off its sting, which is used in a ceremony connected with the birth of a son, thereby, as is supposed, making the infant immune throughout its life to the effects of a scorpion's sting. As for the maimed insect, it is left to die a slow death by starvation, for the scorpion is a predatory creature, and the poison-sting is its assegai by means of which it transfixes its prey. Once deprived of this weapon it cannot provide itself with food. Natives see no cruelty in thus maiming a scorpion; but they regard with horror the sharp blow with which a European puts an end at once to the creature's loathsome existence.

The scorpion is also used medicinally. It is then boiled down with *ghí* (clarified butter), and the decoction is used as an embrocation for rheumatism.

When stung by one of these pests the sufferer does not rely upon medicines to afford him relief. Though the gift of some spirits of ammonia will be accepted gratefully, no time

will be lost in seeking the *jharpunk-wallah*, and applying the remedial powers of incantations. The patient sits before the magician, who makes passes over the wound and blows on it, muttering some unintelligible words and phrases as he does so. It may be, as I have already hinted, that the magician is gifted with hypnotic power, and thus be able to afford some relief; at all events, the sufferer generally professes himself to be much relieved when the operation is over.

Ants, of which there are numerous varieties in India, are looked upon with great reverence by natives, and it is considered a worthy act to feed them. During festivals men may often be seen walking along the roadside with a quantity of fine flour in one hand, while with the other they strew a small portion of their offering in front of every ant's nest they come to. This pleasing superstition is quite in accordance with the naturally humane tendency of the Indian mind. This leaning to live and let others live often degenerates into sentimental weakness which lead to acts such as the abandonment of sick cows and the maiming of scorpions. These acts are done not so much from a desire to be cruel as from a desire not to be cruel, and from a mistaken sense of what cruelty really is.

Even plants are not without their superstitions. The tamarind-tree, though furnishing a splendid shade, is not considered a safe tree for a sick man to sleep under. On the other hand, the shade of a *nim*-tree is considered to be peculiarly healthful. The *pipal*-tree is regarded with feelings of veneration, being looked upon as a safe refuge from lightning, which, it is declared, will never strike the

sacred plant. The idea is graceful, and even poetic, but it is to be feared that, in common with the superstitions of all races of men, it will not bear the test of careful observation.

Among the tangle of shrubs and herbs growing in out-of-the-way places may be found a little plant known to the cunning herbalists of the villages as the *mongoose wail*. It is by means of this plant, the natives declare, that the little mongoose is able to come off unscathed from his encounter with the deadly cobra. After the fight is over the mongoose runs into the brushwood and eats of the leaves of this plant, and thereafter suffers no ill effects from the bites he has received. This is, of course, a pure myth. The plant is of no efficacy in cases of snake-bite, and the little mongoose does not escape if he happens to get bitten by the cobra. Of this he is fully aware, and he trusts to his quickness and his rough wiry coat to save him from accidents. He always attempts to seize the snake as close up to the head as possible, and generally succeeding in this comes off triumphant in the conflict.

In this way the life of the simple countryman is linked with the existence of the animals and plants around him, and superstition adds a shade of complexity and mystery to his actions. Education is now steadily destroying many of the old beliefs, but it will take many generations still before the fetters of superstition are loosened, and a vast population set free from a bondage that, though interesting to others, is not ennobling to themselves.

G. A. LEVETT-YEATS.

PRIVATE PITCHER.

BY A SUBALTERN'S WIFE.

NEVER shall I look upon his like again. He was a jewel, rough-hewn, and thickly crusted with common clay, but a jewel, nevertheless. I must frankly confess, however, that we made this remarkable discovery by slow degrees, and that it needed a long string of stolidly incompetent successors to batter the conviction into our souls.

Of the ways of the private soldier on active service, of his valour, his endurance, his indomitable cheerfulness, the general public has, of late, gained some small degree of knowledge. But only to his officers and their wives is it given to know how he comports himself in the less heroic field of domestic service, a state of life for which he receives no hint of preliminary training, but which he accepts with ready cheerfulness and courage that have been drilled into him by the changes and chances of his strangely variegated life.

When first I threw in my lot with Jim and his regiment, they were stationed in India, a land where the soldier-servant is not. But on completion of our tour of foreign service, we duly dawdled across the ocean on a leisurely troopship, and thereafter proceeded to adjust ourselves, with true military promptitude, to the manners and necessities of garrison life at home; an achievement by no means so simple as it sounds to uninitiated ears.

India, if not a land of luxury, is at least a land of limitless room; and it is a little difficult to live grace-

fully, and smilingly, in a band-box, until habit has lent one a helping hand. But in the Army we learn to achieve the impossible cheerfully, and without an overweening conceit of ourselves. In place, then, of our spacious, if scantily furnished bungalow, behold a six-roomed doll's house; and in place of ten obsequious brown servants, behold 'Lizerann (she insisted on her own rendering of the double name,) and Private Pitcher, who undertook, between them, to fulfil the duties of housemaid, cook, scullery-wench, parlour-maid, and valet.

The two first were represented by 'Lizerann, a coarse-handed, blunt-featured maiden, whose zeal was only out-stripped by her incompetence; and the three last were united in the person of Private Pitcher, who thus became practically the backbone of our small establishment,—a solid one enough, to judge from the heavy build of his square shoulders, and moreover a willing one, if his smiling face and honest eyes did not give the lie to their owner's disposition. That they did not so do, we very speedily discovered. Never was prisoned in clumsy tenement of clay a truer, wholesomer, cheerier soul, so zealous to do the right thing, and so inevitably doomed to do the wrong one. His energy was unbounded, and for a beautiful good-humour he had no match. He whistled and sang so lustily at his work that Jim, by way of a gentle reproof, inquired, with a grave show of interest, whether he

cherished a secret ambition to exchange the Army for the parish-choir; whereat poor Pitcher, turning a rich brown-red, disowned the soft impeachment, and retreated, grinning broadly. For two whole days thereafter his exuberant spirit was held severely in check, doubly portcullissed with his teeth and lips; though the latter waxed visibly rebellious at times, and finally gained a signal victory, in honour whereof our ears were assailed with a very torrent of jubilant sound. But this time a lurking sympathy with the sinner entirely overruled our sense of the fitness of things, and we suffered him thenceforth to whistle unchecked within a reasonable distance of our ears; though even so moderate a degree of self-repression was not achieved without Herculean efforts, ludicrously out of proportion to the offence.

Such, then, was the man, in so far as my halting pen can depict him, who was struck off duty by the company's captain, to the end that he might render us the threefold services of valet, parlour-maid, and scullery-wench; the which he did, with varying degrees of excellence, and an unvarying degree of zeal.

As scullery-wench he was triumphantly successful. In such initial matters as polishing pans, brushing boots, and scrubbing floors his strong right arm, backed by an abnormal sense of duty, accomplished wonders, to the lasting admiration of 'Lizerann, who, it must be owned, was careful never to overtax the strength of her own well-developed biceps.

"Lordy-lord, Pitcher, you *are* a one to scrub! Done with them boots 'ave you? I should *think* so indeed. Why missus might eas'ly see to do 'er 'air in 'em."

Of such were the unvarnished compliments which floated out to me through the chronically open kitchen-

door, as I sat at my desk in the drawing-room, not twelve yards away. Then would the two indulge in a spell of frankly bucolic love-making, which I could not choose but overhear, and which I lacked the moral courage to interrupt by a flying descent upon the unconscious delinquents. Where the soldier is, in what capacity soever, there love-making is; and the mistress who is wise will be discreetly blind to the fact that, upon her unexpected entrance into the kitchen, a masculine arm is hastily slipped from the region of a feminine waist. To the severely right minded, this advice may savour of the Evil One. But we live in a world of compromise, and must needs take many things as we find them, the soldier-servant among the number. "Think what he's been, think what he's seen:" be generous in acknowledging his virtues, which are many; and leave his backslidings to the Judge of all men, whose eyes are over all his works.

But a truce to moralising, fit tonic though it be for our unregenerate souls. Pitcher is my theme, and to Pitcher let us revert without delay.

As a valet he did not reach the heights of his brilliant exploits in the scullery. In order to the achievement of good work in this branch of service, a strong arm should unfailingly be coupled with a light hand; and Pitcher's hand upon priceless tunics, speckless collars, and immaculate dress-suits was none of the lightest. Moreover, he had an awkward knack of doing the right thing in the wrong place; a trespass apt to produce disastrous results, as the following incident bears testimony.

It was the time of afternoon. Captain and Mrs. Russell had dropped in in friendly wise, and Jim had rung the bell, to signify our readiness for tea and crumpets, when a sturdy rap

at the door was followed by the entrance of Pitcher bearing, not the expected tea-tray, but the two halves of my most cherished milk-jug.

"Well?" demanded Jim, with stern brevity.

"If yer please sir, this 'ere come in two this morning," was the lucid rejoinder, as the poor fellow swayed from leg to leg in an agony of embarrassment.

"So I see. How did it happen, though?"

"If yer please, sir, I was abrushing of yer trousers—" here followed a nervous pause.

"But my good man, what on earth had the milk-jug to do with my trousers?" Whereat everyone smiled, save poor Pitcher, whose worst confession had yet to be made.

"Well, sir, ye see, sir, I 'appened to be abrushin' of 'em on the kitchen table, an'—an' my 'and come along a shade too quick, an' the brush it come smack agin the jug,—an' it split in two; an' I'm very sorry, sir."

During the delivery of this round, unvarnished tale, Jim's simulated wrath had given place to unconcealed mirth. "All right, Pitcher," he said, in soothing tones, "you've not ruined us this time. But I should advise you not to do your bedroom work in the kitchen as a general rule. It might come a bit expensive, you know, if you did it too often."

Thus mildly admonished, Pitcher disappeared; and we heard him retreating down the passage at the double. Need I say that it was 'Lizerann who brought in the tea-things five minutes later, and that her lips were rigidly pursed, lest the mirth should bubble out of her in spite of herself?

No; as a valet, Pitcher could not, with a clean conscience, be pronounced first-rate. But it was in his third capacity, that of parlour-maid, that

he fairly surpassed himself. For never, in all his five and twenty years of life, had he laid a table, or handed a dish, or ushered an afternoon visitor into a lady's drawing-room; and the manner of his initiation into these mysteries of service afforded us so rare a mingling of agony and amusement, that the memory of it will abide with us for the rest of our natural lives.

By good fortune we were so constituted that the humour of an awkward situation almost invariably outweighed the embarrassment, ay, even upon the memorable occasion when our inimitable Pitcher flung open the drawing-room door, and planting himself four-square in the doorway, with nervous out-stretched fingers, and twitching thumbs, announced, in a stentorian whisper: "If ye please, mum, 'ere's some one to see ye." Behind him towered a lady of considerable social and physical magnitude, who would fain have entered, had it but occurred to Pitcher to make way for her. As it was she stood, for five awful seconds, gazing, with injured amazement, at his broad, blue serge back; at the end of which time he began to be dimly aware that movement, of some sort, was expected of him, and executing a smart right-about-face, he fled down the narrow hall, leaving me to smooth my visitor's ruffled dignity as best I might.

On Jim's return, Pitcher was summoned to the drawing-room, where he spent an excruciating half-hour ushering my husband repeatedly into my presence, each time under a new name, till my gravity could hold out no longer, and we dismissed him to digest his newly-found knowledge in the kitchen.

Alas, our labour had been in vain! When a second visitor presented herself the poor fellow, fearing a repetition of his former agonies, opened the

door to her, and fairly bolted. Being a woman of understanding, and not devoid of humour, she found her way into my presence unassisted, and we laughed heartily over the unique behaviour of my prince of parlour-maids.

But if the front door proved a stumbling-block, it was mere child's play when compared with the intricacies of the dinner-table. Our first difficulty in this respect was the uncleanness of his hands, which, scour them as he might, could not be freed from the indelible traces of his occupations in the scullery. To obviate this drawback Jim decreed that he should wear white cotton gloves, after the manner of bachelors' servants at mess. With some wonder, and no little pride, Pitcher obeyed. But our joy in this brilliant inspiration was short-lived. Poor Pitcher's hands, in their natural state, were none too skilful; judge, therefore, how they comported themselves when arrayed in ill-fitting gloves that extended a full half inch beyond his abnormally short fingers; how manfully they wrestled with rebellious knives, and spoons, and plates; and how valiantly their owner strove to obtain some small degree of mastery over these unruly members of his! The white gloves, however, were not discarded, and at last perseverance attained her perfect work.

Thus much for our soldier's hands. But his feet had also to be reckoned with, for the tread of the parade-ground upon one's dining-room floor is scarce conducive to a good digestion. Pitcher, moreover, was no half-hearted henchman. Whatsoever he was bidden to do he did with such concentrated earnestness and energy, that criticism seemed sheer barbarity. He marched heavily about our small dining-room to the tuneful accompaniment of creaking boots, stood at

attention behind Jim's chair, and at the end of each course bore the laden tray jauntily down the passage, whistling as he went, and shedding knives, forks, and spoons in his wake at every second step.

With paternal tenderness Jim pointed out to him that the ideal waiter, like the ideal good little boy, should, so far as possible, be seen and not heard. To this end he presented him with a pair of leather slippers, to be worn in place of the musical ammunition-boots which had so sorely tried our nerves. Whereafter Pitcher, who, as I have said, had no notion of doing things by halves, crept round the table with cat-like stealthiness of tread; his shoulders bowed forward, his broad, good-humoured face set in lines of grim determination, till our risible muscles were almost as sorely tried as our nerves had been, and we dared not look each other in the eyes, for fear of an undignified collapse of our hardly maintained gravity.

But once outside the dining-room door, Pitcher's repressed buoyancy asserted itself with renewed vigour; and, to judge by the accompanying clink of glasses and rattle of falling plate, he must have fairly danced down the passage to the kitchen-door,—for, by a blessed chance, our doll's house was devoid of a staircase, that most fertile source of domestic calamity.

Yet even so, we were not cheated of our due share of breakages; for though Pitcher never again, to my knowledge, brushed Jim's overalls on the kitchen table, he discovered a score of other ingenious devices whereby my crockery and glass might be reduced to fragments. Nor did he rest satisfied with such fragile spoils only; for there came an evening when he appeared before us,—or to be accurate, when half of him

appeared, from behind the kindly shelter of the partially open door—guilt written in every line of his face and figure; and we knew, from sad experience, that the shattered corpse of some household treasure lay at that moment on the kitchen-floor.

"Well, what is it now?" asked Jim, with the calmness of despair.

"If ye please sir, I've—I've just bin an' knocked the 'andle out o' one o' the saucepans." He succeeded in making this unique announcement with an unmoved face, though mirth lurked in his eyes and about the corners of his rigidly set lips.

Jim fairly leaped from his chair, with a shout of laughter.

"Good Lord, man," he cried when some of the laughter was out of him, "how, in the name of all that's wonderful, did you manage to do it?"

"Well sir, it was like this sir; I was acarryin' in the tray, and I shoved a bit too near the range, so that the 'andle o' the saucepan got caught in my pocket, without me knowin', an' I jerked it out on to the floor; and when it fell the 'andle came slap off."

In partial justification of the saucepan's unseemly behaviour let me confess that it was an hireling of inferior quality.

With solemn faces we proceeded to inspect the ruins, and were confronted by a flood. The kitchen-floor was drenched with the moist, miscellaneous contents of the slaughtered saucepan, which was one of no mean dimensions; and from the high and dry eminence of the deal table 'Lizerann surveyed the scene with unfeigned enjoyment.

In the face of so ludicrous a fiasco we were incapable of rising to the dignity of serious reproof. We contented ourselves, therefore, with making a few obvious suggestions, and felt justly proud of achieving even thus much without ignominious collapse.

On Sunday Pitcher rested from his manifold labours; for we took pains to make this day, so far as possible, one of comparative leisure for the pillars of our household; and, being struck off duty, he had no call to attend that bugbear of the average soldier, church-parade. I have it on the authority of Bubbles, my four-year-old son, that Pitcher spent the greater part of Sunday morning washing, brushing, and adorning his person with characteristic vigour, and in working diligently at a heart-shaped, bead-decked atrocity,—a love-token (again Bubbles is my authority) for "the girl what loves him, and what wants to marry him." His afternoons were presumably devoted to the society of the said girl, and the house seemed strangely silent and empty during his absence.

I have said that Pitcher was a jewel, and if I have so far failed to justify my statement, I intend to justify it now.

In the long, hot days of August, when work of any sort was a burden and a weariness of the flesh, 'Lizerann's demands for free afternoons became alarmingly frequent; and moreover she began to add such wide margins to her evenings out, that, on one or two nights, Jim was constrained to sit up for her till past eleven o'clock. On each occasion he spoke to her sternly, and reproachfully; on each occasion she wept, and made many promises,—and repeated the offence.

There came a night at last, when Jim, having vainly awaited her return till close on midnight, retired to bed firmly determined to dismiss her on the morrow. But the morrow brought no 'Lizerann, nor did the next day, nor the next, till our amazement gave place to suspicions, which were strengthened by certain pitiful facts confided to Jim by Pitcher. It

seemed that the girl's head had been fairly turned by the persuasive attentions of a handsome corporal, whose reputation was none of the whitest; and Pitcher was of opinion that, having probably been induced by him to spend a whole night out, she had lacked courage to return to us in the morning.

Such, in fact, proved to be the whole truth of the matter. We found on inquiry that our poor, misguided 'Lizerann had taken refuge with a married sister in the town; and thither, in the course of a few days, her one modest black trunk was trundled on a hand-cart by the ever-willing Pitcher, who now became, after a while, the sole prop and stay of our tiny establishment.

All that man might do, and more also, that sturdy soldier did. From morning to night, through those long, sultry days, he worked, ceaselessly and cheerfully, at every conceivable variety of household task. One thing only, for all his zeal and energy, he could not do; he could not cook. His attainments in that province were limited to frying bacon, and boiling potatoes; and you may be sure that he insisted on doing both, whenever opportunity offered. Indeed, I am convinced that he would fain have had us live, with true Hibernian simplicity, on these alone, that the entire honour and glory of serving us might rest upon his own willing shoulders. But despite our gratitude, and the Irish blood in our veins, we could scarce humour him thus far. We therefore gladly accepted the noble offer of the mess-cook to roast our joints, and boil our puddings for us, and to speed them, steaming hot, across the parade-ground by the hands of the devoted Pitcher.

I have failed to mention that Jim and I were at this time on detachment; and that our doll's house was, in truth, the rightful quarters of the medical officer in charge, who, being a bachelor, had generously consented to occupy two rooms in the subalterns' block, and to allow us the use of his house.

In this novel and curious fashion, then, we tided over the days that elapsed between the deposition of 'Lizerann the First and the installation of 'Lizerann the Second, a maiden of an altogether finer quality, to whom the smiles of handsome corporals were as dross, and who regarded all red-coats, Pitcher only excepted, as dust beneath her self-righteous little feet.

So passed the days, till summer faded into autumn, and the opening of the leave-season broke up our temporary home.

'Lizerann the Second departed, bearing her unsullied virtue with her; and Pitcher the zealous, Pitcher the absent-minded, Pitcher our prince of servitors, returned to his appointed niche in C company's ranks, and we beheld his smiling face no more.

Only, the other day, as my eye travelled down the now all too familiar list of casualties in South Africa, it was suddenly checked by the sight of Pitcher's name: *No. 1964 Pte. Pitcher, seriously, in the head.*

I read no further. I could not see to read. I could only sit still, and let the recollections and reflections I have set down sweep through my brain with painful vividness; till a desire was born within me to pay my own small tribute, inadequate though it be, to the worth, pluck, and loyalty, in peace as in war, of Private Pitcher, soldier of the King.

THE PARTY-SYSTEM.

AN inaccurate generalisation concisely expressed is often thought to be an epigram. Of such a nature was the famous remark of a great French jurist, when he said of the English Constitution, "Elle n'existe point." But though our Constitution undoubtedly does exist, it is nevertheless so heterogeneous a mass of survivals, conventions, and unwritten rules, that the student often finds it hard to mark it clearly off from co-ordinate studies such as the common law, antiquities, and political history. It was once my fortune to attend a meeting of a working men's debating-society at which the motion for discussion was, "That this House disapproves of the Crown and Constitution." Of course the arguments had in the main very little to do even with the wide subject in hand, being chiefly devoted to abusing or praising the House of Lords and the Civil List. Had those working men been told that the destruction or recasting of the House of Lords or the abdication of the Ruling House would probably have less effect on the Constitution than, let us say, the holding of office by a Prime Minister who belonged to no political party, he would certainly not have believed it. Such nevertheless would seem to be the case.

Without attempting to offer a treatise on the Constitution, and certainly without holding a brief for any system or party, it is our present purpose to set forth clearly a few facts which may serve to rescue the average man from some of the delusions to which he at present seems liable.

It is not infrequently stated or implied in conversation and in the daily papers that Party-Government dates from of old as an absolute essential of the English Constitution. Others tell us that it is of recent growth, and could consequently be swept away without altering the constitutional system to any serious extent. Both of these views contain some truth and a great deal of untruth. Again, men will ask why he who goes to Westminster as the representative of a certain portion of the community should write himself a follower of the programme of one set of statesmen and the enemy of that of another. Why, they say, cannot he come forward as Disraeli once did, "wearing the badge of no party, and the livery of no faction"? And the only answer too often is, because, like Disraeli on that occasion, he would have no chance of getting elected at all. Is Party-Government an immemorial institution, or is it a mere mushroom growth? Can we dispense with it as a nation, or disregard it as individuals? Such are the questions to which the specialist has of course a ready reply, but they are questions which worry and perplex the ordinary citizen.

Without going back to origins such as the Witanagemot or the Commune Concilium, it is necessary to glance at the powers of Parliament before the Puritan Revolution.

Briefly it may be said that at the beginning of the seventeenth century it was a council of representatives of the nobility, the Church, and the wealthy commoners, summoned by

the Crown chiefly for the purposes of taxation, legislation, and deliberation. Though Edward the First had surrendered the power of arbitrary taxation by the King, his successors had not always felt themselves hindered by his action from reviving the practice; Royal Proclamations and Orders in Council usurped much of the legislative power; and a ruler of an independent temper could always dispense, if he chose, with the deliberations of the Representative Assembly. Thus, though the Government consisted then, as now, of the Crown and the two Houses of Parliament, still it was essentially different, in that the Crown was the predominant partner directly or indirectly in every particular of government. But in the seventeenth century there was abroad in England a spirit of democracy; and to accentuate this there was an autocratic and feeble Ruling House, alien in its civil and religious views from the mass of the nation. The spirit of democracy claimed and won for the Commons, as opposed to any other power in the country, the privilege, granted two centuries earlier but often infringed, of originating all money-bills, and the control of the purse is after all the chief instrument of power; the personality and religious views of the Ruling House divided the Commons into two distinct parties. It may fairly be said that this division of the representatives dates from the Long Parliament of 1641. At that time the division was religious; forty years later it became more distinctly constitutional, and from this date began the two great political parties.

On the one side were the Petitioners, so called because they petitioned the King to summon a new Parliament; on the other were those who, by expressing their abhorrence of such an attempt to force the King's

will, came to be styled Abhorrrers. To each of these was applied a nickname, designed originally to be abusive, but afterwards adopted as the Party-title. The Petitioners were called Whiggamores, or Whigs, to mark their supposed resemblance to the Scottish Covenanters, who, being drawn from the peasants of the Western Lowlands, were accustomed to urge on their horses with the cry of *whiggam*. The Abhorrrers in their turn were labelled Tories after some Irish brigands, the idea being that the High Church Party must be in sympathy with the Catholic, and at the same time lawless, Irishmen from whom the name was taken.

These were the first really political parties, but their significance is totally different from that which parties bear to-day. The preponderating party could by revolution, or in a slight degree by lawful means, obtain the realisation of their wishes; but the machinery of the Constitution was full of confusion. Whereas the Tories were struggling with varying success for the Stuarts' ideals of religion and rule, the Whigs were occupying themselves with the problem of making the Crown and the Houses of Parliament as a whole express the wishes of the majority of the nation. Thus it was rather over the machinery than over the nature and quality of its products that the first political parties were at issue.

Circumstances led the two parties, or the great majority of them, to unite in the pacific revolution which brought William the Third to the throne and laid the foundations of a genuine constitutional government. But in order to make clear how this came about and what it means, it would seem necessary to deal shortly with the subject of the growth of the Cabinet.

In any government it is necessary to harmonise the Legislature and the Executive. Let us suppose, to take a simple case, that the government of a country, be it Crown or Council, declares war with another country, and the head of the military forces refuses to enter on the campaign; or suppose again that the government of a country imposes a tax, and the head of the tax-collectors refuses to collect it. The result is a deadlock. In other words, the people whose business it is to make laws and those whose business it is to carry them out must either be identical, or so much in harmony as to prevent the possibility of friction. Originally in England the King was accustomed in general to select his chief executive officers from among the members of his Privy Council. So long as the King with his Council, or at any rate the King, was the predominant partner in legislation this would work smoothly enough. The King would appoint the tax-collector and order the tax; the King would appoint the head of the forces and declare the war; and friction would be unlikely to arise. But as the power of Parliament, and especially of the Commons, grew in England, this harmony of course ceased.

Now in order the more perfectly to harmonise the Legislature with the Executive various Kings had been accustomed to take as their special advisers in legislation such of the members of the Privy Council as were or had been executive officers or, as we say, ministers. This ring is the origin of the Cabinet. But the Cabinet after the Revolution was in a somewhat difficult position. The House of Commons had greatly increased in power, and political parties had begun to hold sway within it. The King no longer ruled by divine right; nor on the other hand was

he master by force of arms. It was not as Charles the First, nor as Cromwell that he sat on the throne, chose his ministers from among his Privy Councillors, and directed the councils of his Parliament. He was the nominee of the Houses of Parliament as the representatives of the nation, and that which can bestow power even over itself has always, apart from matters of mere personal popularity or adventitious strength, the ultimate constitutional authority. Of this authority the Houses of Parliament were particularly jealous. They reduced the regular army in order to prevent the possibility of the ascendancy of the Crown through military strength; they established the precedent of appropriating the supplies and of refusing to vote money for any object until the returns of expenditure and income had been brought in. Thus they retained in their own hands, among other things, the control of the purse and of the military power. Nor did William himself fail to see that he was not to be a ruler after the fashion of the Stuarts. He selected his first ministers without reference to personal or political enmities or friendships, choosing merely such of the leading members of either House as seemed capable of performing the duties of the various offices. But this method soon proved ineffectual. The King was not the predominant partner in legislation; he appointed *de jure* and *de facto* his Executive, and the Executive represented no united body of opinion in Parliament. Thus the King, with encouragement from some of his ministers, would pursue a warlike policy, and the Houses of Parliament and others of the ministers would refuse to grant supplies. Three things gradually became clear as results of the predominance of the Houses of Parliament in the Govern-

ment: that the will of the majority in Parliament must direct the general policy; that to secure harmony of action the ministers must be chosen from among that same majority; and that these must be accountable to the Houses of Parliament and not to the King for their actions. Thus between 1693 and 1698 William took his ministers from among the Whigs only, and during those years the machinery of government worked smoothly enough. On the loss, however, of their majority in Parliament, the ministers refused to resign and the King did not dismiss them. The Commons immediately became turbulent; they reduced the army, attacked the King, and threatened to impeach the Earls of Portland and Albemarle. Slowly, and by means of experiments, it came to be recognised that the Cabinet, or inner ring of Privy Councillors, must consist of the Executive and must be chosen from the party in power in the House of Commons. It was not till the end of the reign of Anne that the Sovereign withdrew from the meetings of the Cabinet, thus leaving the Cabinet responsible to Parliament and severing it from the Crown except in so far as its members were all Privy Councillors. Two consequences of this silent and pacific revolution occurred at later dates. It was found not only that the Cabinet ought to comprise the Executive, but that to ensure harmony it ought to comprise no others. This principle was practically established at the end of the eighteenth century by the abolition of the non-efficient members of the Cabinet, that is to say, of members who, when their party was in power, had been efficient. The other difficulty was of a more serious nature. Supposing that ministers should have been appointed from the party in the

ascendant, and supposing that they should tender advice to the Crown or pursue a policy of which that party, or at any rate the majority for the moment of the national representatives, disapproved, what was to be done? The House of Commons could impeach them; but it seemed unjust that a minister should lose his head for such a cause. It could also refuse to vote supplies, which would produce a deadlock; but much harm might be done before the time for voting supplies came round. It was not until 1830 that the members of the Cabinet came to be considered bound to resign their office as soon as an adverse vote on a vital issue had been passed. For the further assurance two other conventions, or customs, have come to be a part of our constitutional system. One is that the whole Cabinet is responsible for the individual action of each of its members; the other that there should be one First Minister, holding some office and recognised as the head of the Administration.

All these changes have rendered the Party-System essential to our Constitution. If national representatives are to be elected on individual instead of party programmes, whence are we to select our ministers? If Mr. Smith is made President of the Board of Trade, Mr. Jones will not work with him because his views on Disestablishment are not sound. The sections would be numberless, and harmony impossible. There would be a continuous deadlock, and revolution alone could accomplish reforms.

We may then summarise by saying that this was what the pacific revolution of 1688 and its consequences finally accomplished. It made the House of Commons predominant in the trinity of powers which go to make up the government, namely, the Crown, the Lords, and the Commons:

it made the Cabinet the head at once of the Legislature and of the Executive ; and it caused the Cabinet to be composed solely of members of that party which commanded a majority in the House of Commons. But as yet it could in no way be maintained that the Commons necessarily represented the views of the nation. So long as the suffrage was limited to a mere fraction of the population, so long as secret-service-money and bribery of all kinds were openly countenanced, so long as political morality was practically non-existent, the Commons were only representatives of the interests of the wealthier classes of the community. It has been the task of the nineteenth century to develop the policy inaugurated by the Reform Bill of 1832 of making the Commons to represent, so far as possible, the interests and views of the nation as a whole. That it has accomplished much in this direction no one can question ; it remains for the twentieth century to decide whether it is material interests or human entities that are to be the units of representation. Thus we have to-day not only the Executive in harmony with the Legislature, but the Legislature in almost exact harmony with the nation as a whole. And this tendency to democratise our Constitution still further accentuates the necessity of the Party-System. So long as the wealthier landed classes of the community could practically command a continual majority, they had at least one interest, if hardly a principle, in common. But when class after class came to be admitted to the full citizenship, as gradually the suffrage, and even the opportunity of sitting in the House of Commons, extended down to the labouring man, interests and principles became more numerous, more diverse, and more conflicting. And it is obvious that this

renders the division of the representatives into two main parties the more essential, if indeed harmony and continuity of policy are to be desired. And the converse of this seems also to be true. While the Party-System subsists, the further the suffrage extends the more complete is the harmony of the Constitution. Had Parliament really represented the nation, it is at least probable that Chartism, for instance, would not have existed, or at any rate would simply have formed part of the programme of a political party. This example is given solely as the result of my arguments, without of course urging anything for or against either the Chartists or their objects. By the legislation of the last century the Cabinet has been rendered responsible initially to the representatives and ultimately to the vast majority of the nation. If it is rendered ultimately responsible to the whole nation, the harmony must of necessity be more assured.

Thus then are the first two points settled. Parties may be said to date as in any way important factors of government from the first half of the seventeenth century, and as its main factors from the first half of the eighteenth. The system is not immemorial, but it is indissolubly bound up with the Constitution that dates from the reign of William the Third. That monarch himself tried to rule with a ministry of both parties ; the result was confusion, disunion, measures passed and at once repealed, and in general a great deal of labour for little or no result. Since his time coalitions have often held power, and, if we consider their effects broadly, we cannot pronounce them successful. The longest-lived was the famous Broad-bottomed Administration under Henry Pelham, which conducted affairs with moderate success from 1744 to 1754. But this instance is not one

from which the rule can be taken. The Administration was a purely negative one; the period was stagnant in legislation; wars alone occupied the attention of the country, and provided that the Cabinet was united in the determination to oppose Prince Charles Edward, nothing else was required of it. Yet even in a period such as this ministers were continually resigning, quarrels were always arising, and any serious political strain must inevitably have doomed the Administration. The coalition formed by Lord North and Charles Fox in 1783 endured, though possessed of an overwhelming majority in the Commons, for only eight months during which it accomplished nothing. In 1806 the Coalition Ministry known as All the Talents came into power, but fell next year. Most noticeable of all is the course of affairs from 1846 to 1855. The question of Free Trade had formed a new division of Parties in which Peel and some of the Conservatives were at one with Lord John Russell and the Whigs. On the repeal of the Corn Laws the real reason for the new division of parties was gone. The Whigs came in for five years, with the Peelites as their supporters on some points and as their opponents on others. There was no possible alternative Government. When the inevitable reaction came and the Whigs fell, Lord Derby only succeeded in retaining power for nine months. There was no real dividing line for parties; the Whigs had for the time fallen, the Conservatives were not strong enough to succeed. A Coalition Government was then formed under Lord Aberdeen. A quotation from a speech by Disraeli in 1852, when the coalition had blundered into the Crimean War, will serve to indicate some of the evils consequent on the

temporary desertion or failure of the Party-System. "Rival opinions," he said, "contrary politics, and discordant systems have produced such vacillation and perplexity, that at last you are going to war with an opponent who does not want to fight, and whom you are unwilling to encounter." Earlier in the year the same speaker had thus delivered his view: "I have to face a coalition. The combination may be successful. But coalitions, although successful, have always found this, that their triumph has been short. This too I know, that England does not love coalitions. I appeal from the coalition to that public opinion which governs this country."

All this, people will say, may be true enough. It may be that any desertion of the Party-System is prejudicial to the conduct of affairs. But what is the individual to do? Is it possible that every man is honestly either entirely in agreement with this party or with that? Is it not rather highly probable that he must agree with portions of the programme of either side? And if this be so, should he not rather refuse his entire allegiance to either?

There may be times at which this is so, and at such times it has always happened that a certain number have declared that, though in the main they adhere to the policy of their party, they are in disagreement with them on this or that point. But as a general rule the parties are not so much divided on small individual points as on wide general principles which give birth to the particular measures; or else it happens, as in the case of the Reform Bill or the Home Rule Bill, that there is some measure of such supreme importance that it really becomes the point on which the views of the nation are divided and that a declaration on that

point is the only way of harmonising the Legislature, the Executive, and the majority of the nation.

And at the present day what is the effect of our system? Apart from the questions of the hour the composition of parties would seem to be this: on the one side we have a party pledged to protect various interests at times mutually conflicting, pledged to uphold the national patriotic policy of Lord Beaconsfield, and at the same time to advance social aims to which his followers were uncompromising enemies and which are often incompatible with the result of that national policy; on the other we have a party which by its attacks unites the conflicting interests protected by its opponents, which is in disunion over foreign policy, and unable to adjust its own differences.

What is the result? Looking over the last decade, we must confess that the result is inconsistency in foreign policy and stoppage, if not reaction, in domestic reforms. And the reason of this is clear. For the time being parties are not divided on a main principle of government, nor on a measure of supreme importance. An incident of foreign policy has to take the place of a principle by which to govern. The result is that parties have no firm grip on the views of the nation beyond the incident of the moment, and that the harmony of the Legislature, the Executive, and the nation is not assured beyond that point of time.

One other thing is day by day looming as a greater danger on the political horizon. That is the possibility of the existence of an alien body within the House of Commons neither divided between the parties, nor giving its united allegiance to the one or the other. Such a body might temporarily at any rate wreck the Constitution; at all events it must be

considered. It is not improbable that when the national representatives are once more divided on a question of real principle, the difficulty of the alien party will disappear. A principle of government must have something definite to say as to the course to be pursued in Ireland, and this will again bring the definite division of all the representatives into two parties. There are many who see all this clearly enough, but who do not appreciate the logical issue. They take the parties labelled as they are, and endeavour to force some great principle of a past epoch, or some great scheme for the future, upon this or that party as a whole. This leads ultimately either to honourable disintegration or to more or less dishonourable unity. It is the principle which makes the party, not the party which can adopt the principle. Unless main principles form the divisions of the parties instead of isolated scraps of policy or legislation, it is impossible to obtain the advantages of our Constitution, the complete harmony of the Legislature and the Executive coupled with the due representation of the definite views of the majority of the nation.

The phase through which we are at present passing is almost precisely similar to that of half a century ago. Then Free Trade, now the principle of Nationalism, especially in its particular application to Ireland, is the point at which the party divides. Then a section of the party opposed to Free Trade joined its supporters and was successful; now a section of the Home Rulers has joined the party opposed to it and has been successful. As the Conservatives came into power in 1852, so the Liberals came into power in 1892 in a hopelessly weak state. As Lord Aberdeen's Coalition Government succeeded Lord Derby, so Lord Salisbury's Coalition Govern-

ment succeeded Lord Rosebery. But at this point comes the difference. In the case of the Derby-Disraeli Party the question of Free Trade was done with; discussions upon it were merely academic, and they could advance to new principles and policies. In the case of the Liberal Party to-day Home Rule is not done with. It still exists and enforces a sometimes awkward alliance with the Irish Party. Whether or no the country has ever given its mandate as to Home Rule as a distinct and separate issue, is doubtful. Until that point is cleared up, or else a definite policy or principle takes its place, the parties will not be divided on a clear issue and the machinery of government cannot

work smoothly. But this is no new thing. Prophecies of the decay of the Party-System and the approach of Departmental Government are wild and absurd. To conduct our government without the Party-System would involve a revolution of so complete and radical a nature that it is inconceivable. The inherent weakness of the Party-System is its periods of transition from one dividing issue to another; but this weakness is far more than counter-balanced by its strength as the one system which can harmonise the Legislature and the Executive in a Democratic Constitution.

B. N. LANGDON-DAVIES.

ADMIRAL BENBOW.

WHEN posterity is inclined to revise or reverse the verdict pronounced upon the public men of a bygone day by their own contemporaries, there are one or two considerations which may reasonably be urged in arrest of judgment. It is true that we have access to much documentary evidence which was unknown to the original judges; but, on the other hand, they had the advantage of knowing the man himself, and everyone who has attended a court of justice knows how great is the difference between evidence heard and evidence read. Those who knew the man, knew also the tendencies of the times in which he, and they, lived, and the influences, good or bad, which shaped his conduct; they knew something of the temptations to which he was exposed, the sacrifices which he was called upon to make. To us the record of his life is presented as a more or less accurate map; but the men of his own time saw the actual landscape with all its changing lights and shadows, its colour and atmosphere. They were persons not entirely devoid of judgment, and if they gave their confidence and their esteem to any man, we may take it for granted that there was reason for it.

Few naval officers have achieved a reputation more enduring or more popular than that of Admiral John Benbow. Yet in the notice of him which appears in THE DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY over the well-known initials J. K. L., his high reputation is said to be unjustified by any of his actions. In a sense that is perfectly true, because his

reputation was based upon what he was, rather than upon what he did; but as the new judgment seems to lean to the side of severity, it may be worth while to examine it more closely before accepting so unfavourable a verdict upon an old friend.

John Benbow was the son of William, a tanner in the parish of St. Mary's in Shrewsbury, who was admitted burgess in 1648. The registers of St. Mary's parish are very defective, but the date of John's birth is said to have been March 10th, 1652. Local tradition says that he was apprenticed to a butcher and ran away to sea. Be that as it may, he was entered in 1678 as master's mate on the RUPERT, under Captain Herbert (afterwards Earl of Torrington), and in her he saw some service against the Algerines. In 1679 he was master of the NONSUCH. Apparently he had distinguished himself, for Rooke, Shovel, and Herbert all pushed his fortunes; but when the NONSUCH was paid off in 1681, he returned for a time to the merchant-service. In 1686 he owned and commanded a ship, called the BENBOW frigate, in the Mediterranean trade, and there is a tremendous legend of his fighting a severe action with Sallee rovers, who boarded his ship; thirteen of them were left dead on his deck, and he is said to have cut off and pickled their heads; but this tale is told on very doubtful authority and we cannot place much dependence on it. In 1689 Benbow received his first commission as third lieutenant on the ELIZABETH (seventy guns) under Captain David Mitchell. Then he was appointed master-at-

tendant, first at Chatham and afterwards at Deptford Yard; and in this service he remained for six years, during which time he was frequently employed on special service elsewhere. Thus in 1690 he was master of Torrington's flagship the *SOVEREIGN* and acted as master of the fleet in the battle of Beachy Head, and in the same capacity on Russell's flagship, the *BRITANNIA*, at Barfleur and La Hogue. In recognition of his services on these occasions, orders were issued on August 14th, 1691, for him to receive pay as master-attendant, in addition to his pay as master; and at some date before September, 1693, he attained the rank of captain. For most of these details we are indebted to *THE DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY*, which gives a very complete list of his services.

While Benbow remained a subordinate officer, the fact that he had entered the service through the hawse-holes, as the saying went, was no serious disadvantage to him. But when he rose to the rank of captain and hoisted his own pendant, it was another matter. A lieutenant might be what he pleased; but there was much and bitter jealousy between the Gentlemen Commanders who owed their advancement to family interest, and the Tarpauling Captains who had worked their way up. Caste prejudice was no new thing in the Navy; Drake, who was by way of being a Tarpauling himself, had been hampered by it a hundred years before, and settled the question after his own masterful fashion by going at once to the opposite extreme and ordaining that "the gentlemen should hale and draw with the mariners;" he would not hear of any man, whatever his rank, refusing to set his hand to a rope; but Francis Drake did as he pleased, while other men could only do as they were able. From the King

downwards, everyone who was interested in the Navy (as who was not?) took one side or the other. Charles the Second, James the Second, and William, all seem to have supported the seamen. Benbow himself is said to have owed his early promotion to flag-rank to the favour of King William; and there is a story in Campbell's *LIVES OF THE ADMIRALS*, told "upon the authority of a multitude of political treatises published under that reign," that Benbow was consulted more than once by King William upon this very question, and always gave it as his opinion that it was best to employ both gentlemen and seamen; "that a seaman should never lose preferment for want of recommendation, or a gentleman obtain it barely from that motive;" which was an exceedingly politic reply. In the *Diary of John Evelyn* there is an account of a dinner given by Mr. Samuel Pepys, late Secretary to the Admiralty, on March 7th, 1690; at which that excellent shipwright and seaman, Sir Anthony Deane, discoursed on naval matters. He advocated the policy of building "small light frigates" rather than the "huge great ships, with such high decks, which were fit for nothing but to gratify Gentlemen Commanders who must have all their effeminate accommodations, and for pomp; and that it would be the ruin of our fleets if such persons were continued in command, they having neither experience nor being capable of learning, because they would not submit to the fatigue and inconvenience which those who were bred seamen would undergo in those so otherwise useful swift frigates."

It so happened that much of Benbow's service as captain was in connection with a series of descents upon the French coast, undertaken by the Navy alone without the co-operation

of any military force. Such operations could never do more than harass and annoy the enemy. Ships could bombard a sea-port town and do very considerable damage: they could throw a whole coast into a state of wild alarm, and they could keep a large number of the enemy's troops busy in watching their operations; but they could neither capture towns nor hold positions. This incapacity was inherent in the very nature of such attacks; yet it has been made a reproach to Benbow that "in no one instance where he commanded was any success over the enemy obtained." It is true that he never exhibited any transcendent genius as a fleet-commander; in which respect his record was neither better nor worse than that of nine fighting admirals out of ten. But it should be remembered that he had few opportunities of showing how he could handle a fleet in action, while on the other hand, he was more successful in the irregular business that was given him to do, than some other officers whose reputation was greater than his own.

Take for example Benbow's operations at St. Malo, and compare them with Berkeley's descent on Camaret Bay. In 1693 Benbow was sent with twelve ships of war, four bomb-vessels, and some small craft, to bombard St. Malo, which was the nest of a swarm of privateers who preyed upon English merchantmen. For three days he bombarded the town at intervals, and on the fourth day, which was a Sunday, Captain Philips, who was the engineer in charge, sent in an immense explosion-vessel of three hundred tons, containing a hundred barrels of powder and an assorted cargo of other explosives. A sudden flaw of wind diverted this contrivance from its objective point, which would have laid it ashore close to the sea-wall; but though part of its energy was

wasted, it is said to have unroofed three hundred houses and created such a panic that Benbow could easily have taken the town if he could have landed even a small force. As he had no men available for such a purpose, he could only go home again, leaving a partially wrecked town behind him.

In the following year, Lord Berkeley, Admiral of the Blue, was sent to Camaret Bay with twenty-nine English and Dutch men-of-war, besides frigates, bomb-vessels, transports and small craft. Bishop Burnet says that the transports embarked six thousand troops under General Talmash (or Tolmach, to use his own spelling) and Lord Cutts, the object of the expedition being to erect and hold a fort on a certain promontory near Brest, in order to make that harbour untenable for the French fleets. The result (owing to some treachery in which Marlborough undoubtedly had a share) was the death of Talmash and the failure of the expedition, with a loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners, of seven hundred among the land forces and four hundred on board the ships. Dieppe and Havre were afterwards bombarded, and then Lord Berkeley returned to refit. He was succeeded by Sir Cloudesley Shovel, who arrived off Dunkirk on September 12th. Captain Benbow accompanied him, and in the evening went in and sounded the western channel under a heavy fire from the ships and the citadel. But the French, as usual, had received timely intelligence of Shovel's intended visit, and had secured the entrance of the harbour by driving piles and sinking ships. Shovel therefore sailed for Calais, threw a number of shells into the town and burnt part of it; and then a gale of wind sent him back into the Downs. Burnet says that "these

bombardings of the French towns spread a terror among all that lived near the coast. . . . The action seemed inhuman; but the French who had bombarded Genoa without a previous Declaration of War, had no reason to complain of this way of carrying on the war, which they themselves had first begun." Tourville, be it said, had burnt Teignmouth in 1690.

In June, 1695, Berkeley and Shovel visited St. Malo, with the Dutch Admiral Allemonde, and here too Benbow distinguished himself, as he did subsequently at Granville, Havre, Dunkirk, and Calais. In recognition of these services he was ordered to receive pay as rear-admiral during the time of the operations, and was confirmed in that rank in May, 1696. He had earned the character of a loyal seaman who did his duty to the best of his ability without sparing himself; who was a friend to the seamen under him, used them well, and was careful of their interests as well as his own.

His first command in his new rank was a small squadron of four ships which sailed in November, 1698, to protect our trade in the West Indies from Spanish interference. Campbell, (on the authority of Burchett's *NAVAL HISTORY*) says that the Spaniards had seized two English ships and taken them to Cartagena, with the intention of employing them in an expedition which they were then preparing against the Scotch settlement at Darien. Benbow stood over to the Spanish Main, and coming to an anchor before Bocca Chica Castle, requested permission to procure wood and water, which the Spanish Governor would scarcely grant him. Thereupon Benbow sent his flag-lieutenant with a message to the Governor that he not only wanted those necessaries, but that he came likewise for the two English ships

that were detained in the harbour; if they were not sent to him immediately he would come and take them. The Governor answered him very politely that, if he would shift his berth from his present station, in which he seemed to blockade the port, the ships in question should be sent out to them. Benbow at once complied, but no ships coming, he sent again to say that if the ships were not sent within twenty-four hours he would come and fetch them, and show the Spaniards what respect an English officer had to his word; and then the ships came out.

Benbow was sent again to the West Indies in 1701, on what proved to be his last commission; and Campbell tells an anecdote in connection with it (on the authority of "persons of reputation upon their own knowledge,") which is too characteristic to omit. He had been serving for some time, as Vice-Admiral of the Blue, under Rooke; and when it was determined to send a strong squadron to the West Indies to act against the French, it was thought necessary that it should be commanded by an officer whose courage and conduct might be relied on, one, moreover, who had experience of West Indian service. Benbow's name was proposed; but King William would not hear of it. He said that Benbow had only recently returned from thence, where he had met nothing but difficulties, and it was only fair that some other officer should take his turn. One or two other officers were offered the command but most earnestly desired to be excused; whereupon the King sent for Benbow and asked him if he were willing to go, assuring him that he would not take it amiss if the offer were declined. Benbow answered bluntly "that he did not understand such compliments; he considered that he had no right to choose his station;

and if His Majesty thought fit to send him to the East or West Indies, or anywhere else, he would cheerfully execute his orders, as became him."

It is impossible to appreciate the sentiment of affection with which Benbow was regarded, without taking into consideration the condition of the Navy at that time. After the Revolution of 1688 it was known to be unsatisfactory, and it was suspected of being a good deal worse. The sudden change in the government had left many officers disaffected and many more distrusted at Court. King James had been better known and better liked in the Fleet than anywhere else in his dominions; perhaps because he had always taken great interest in the Service of which he had once been Lord High Admiral. Many officers were known to be inclined to serve him, and there were few whose fidelity to William could be absolutely relied upon. The English people had given their allegiance, if not their hearts, to the Dutch king, and their principal defence against Stuart tyranny and French invasion was the Navy; but among all its officers whom could they trust to lead it? Torrington had been sent to the Tower after the battle of Beachy Head, and only escaped impeachment by the skin of his teeth. Russell had found it necessary to explain to James's agent, Lloyd, that however desirous he might be to serve him, professional pride would not allow him to submit to be beaten by the French. Carter was reported to have been bought outright by James for ten thousand pounds; he proved the falsehood of the slander when he lay dying on the deck of his ship off Cape Barfleur, and gave his last orders to his flag-captain, Wright, to "fight the ship as long as she could swim;" but the story had been widely current. Rooke was believed to be well-affected,

but his ill-fortune in convoy of the Turkey fleet of merchantmen at Lagos, had put him out of favour. Lord Caermarthen, cruising off Scilly for the protection of commerce, mistook a fleet of merchantmen for the French squadron from Brest, and without waiting to verify his suspicions, ran back to Milford Haven, whereby many of the Barbadoes fleet were lost, besides five ships from the East Indies. The committee of three officers, which succeeded Russell in the chief command after his quarrel with Lord Nottingham, inspired no confidence; for it was said that Killegrew and Delaval, who were Jacobites, could always out-vote Cloudesley Shovel, who was put in for the sake of appearances. Shovel, like Benbow, was a Tarpauling, and like him was implicitly trusted. Probably none of these officers was half so bad as he was painted; Bishop Burnet, who tells all these stories and a hundred more, is an unsafe authority as regards historical facts; but, as he seems to have repeated most of the gossip and scandal of the time, his report is valuable as a record of stories that were current, and were certainly credited by many people. In the circumstances can we wonder if Englishmen did honour to a man who, without being a genius, was loyal and honest, and was willing and able to fight for his country without a thought of Whig or Tory, Orangeman or Jacobite?

Seven ships sailed with Benbow to the West Indies. His flag was hoisted in the *BREDA* (of seventy guns) commanded by Captain Christopher Fog; and there went also the *DEFIANCE* (sixty-four), Captain Richard Kirby (sometimes described as Colonel Kirkby), the *GREENWICH* (fifty-four), Captain Cooper Wade, the *RUBY* (forty-eight), Captain George Walton (who afterwards distinguished himself

in Sir George Byng's action with Castaneta off Cape Passaro), the *PEN-DENNIS* (forty-eight), Captain Thomas Hudson, the *WINDSOR* (forty-eight), Captain John Constable, and the *FALMOUTH* (forty-eight), Captain Samuel Vincent. The squadron arrived at Jamaica at the close of the year 1701, and there seems to have been a considerable amount of disaffection from the very beginning. It is said that the Admiral, finding some of his captains inclined to neglect or disobey his orders, reprimanded them. Mr. Secretary Burchett says that "he treated Kirby and the rest of the gentlemen a little briskly at Jamaica;" and they deliberately conspired against him.

The usual class-prejudice against the Tarpauling Commander was intensified in the case of Benbow by professional jealousy. It was only natural that in those troubled times King William should show special favour to an officer who practised the rare virtue of patriotism, who belonged to no faction, owed allegiance to no party, and acted always on Blake's maxim, that the proper business of the Navy was not to meddle with politics, but "to keep foreigners from fooling us." Under the King's patronage Benbow's promotion had been extraordinarily rapid; lieutenant in 1689, he was a captain before 1693, and a rear-admiral in 1696. He must have passed over many highly connected heads, and made many influential enemies in doing so. Kirby, and the others, may possibly have owed him some personal grudge for his briskness, but it is more than likely that they were envious of the man of humble origin who had been promoted over their heads. Whatever the motive may have been, prejudice, envy, resentment, or all three combined, it was strong enough to induce the seven captains to enter

into a traitorous conspiracy against their admiral; and that conspiracy was too full of personal hatred to leave room for even the suspicion of political intrigue.

While they lay at Jamaica Kirby persuaded them to sign an agreement by which they pledged themselves not to fight against the French. Their object was to ruin Benbow; but as they must have known that he would bring them to a court-martial if he survived, they probably expected that he would be killed or taken prisoner; if the former, they could tell their own story; if the latter, his charges against them would be delayed until he was exchanged or released; and then they would be discredited as the last effort of an unsuccessful man to shift the disgrace of his failure on to other men's shoulders. The worst contingency which they had to fear was that which actually happened; that Benbow should beat off the French without them, and survive the action. In July, 1702, it was reported to Benbow that M. Du Casse with a squadron of French ships was in the neighbourhood of Hispaniola, for the purpose of destroying the trade in negroes and other commodities which was carried on by the English and Dutch; and on the evening of July 19th the two squadrons met. Du Casse had with him four ships carrying from sixty to seventy guns, and a large Dutch-built ship of thirty or forty guns. Benbow ran down to attack under easy sail, in order to allow his rear ships to close up; but before the *DEFIANCE*, which led the line, had got abreast of the leading French ship, a rather straggling action commenced between the rear ships, and soon became general. With so great a superiority of force Benbow had every prospect of capturing or destroying the entire

squadron; but after firing two or three broadsides, the *DEFIANCE* and *WINDSOR*, which were ahead of the *BREDA*, luffed up and went out of action, while the ships in the rear made no haste to get into it; and thus Benbow was left to fight alone. The firing ceased with the failing light, and all through the night the *BREDA* kept close to the enemy; at daybreak Benbow found himself within range of them, with only the *RUBY* to support him, the rest of his fleet being from three to five miles astern, and making little effort to close up. The *BREDA* and *RUBY* "plied the French with chace guns," and kept them company all the next night. On the 21st they recommenced the action, and handled one of the French ships so roughly that she was towed out of action; but the *RUBY* was so shattered that Benbow could not leave her to follow up his success; the *DEFIANCE* and *WINDSOR* were actually abreast of the rear ship of the enemy, but neither of them fired a shot. Benbow's signal for battle was flying night and day, but at daybreak on the 22nd the rest of his fleet was almost out of sight. Still he clung to the enemy, and on the 23rd he recaptured an English prize which Du Casse had taken off Lisbon. At two in the morning of the 24th the indefatigable Admiral got into action again, and three times attempted to board Du Casse's ship. Twice wounded, in the face and arm, he still remained on deck and fought on; till about three o'clock in the morning his right leg was shattered by a chain-shot and he was carried below; but only for a short time. So soon as the surgeons had done their best for him he had his cradle carried on to the quarter-deck and resumed command. This is no story of a hero of romance; it is the plain tale, as told at the court-martial, of

how John Benbow did what he conceived to be his duty.

As he lay on the quarter-deck one of his lieutenants took occasion to express his sorrow for the loss of his leg. "I am sorry for it too," said Benbow, "but I had rather have lost them both than seen this dishonour brought upon the English nation. But do you hear; if another shot should carry me off, behave like brave men and fight it out."

The dawn showed them a seventy-gun ship lying close alongside, partially dismasted and helpless, while the rest of Du Casse's squadron were coming fast to the rescue. The *WINDSOR*, *PENDENNIS*, and *GREENWICH* ran past the disabled Frenchman, fired a few guns into her, and then stood away out of gun-shot. Then came up the *DEFIANCE* and also fired into her: the Frenchmen returned about twenty guns; and then the *DEFIANCE* fairly ran out of action before the wind. Du Casse came up, and each French ship as she passed the *BREDA* gave her a broadside, while the English ships looked on, utterly disregarding Benbow's signals, though the flag-captain, Fog, fired shotted guns into them, "to remind them of their duty." While the French towed their disabled ship away, an officer was sent aboard the mutineers to bid them "keep the line, and behave like men." Kirby, with matchless impudence, came on board the *BREDA* and told Benbow "that he had better desist; the French were very strong [they had three ships and a cripple against six English ships], and from what was past he might guess he could make nothing of it." Benbow summoned the rest of the captains. They came on board, but "were mostly of Kirby's way of thinking," though the only ships which had received any damage were the *BREDA* and the *RUBY*, which had been ordered back

to Port Royal. They all agreed that "there was nothing to be done." The officers of the *BREDA*, who feared that the mutineers might actually join forces with the enemy, urged Benbow to give up and go back to Jamaica; and the broken-hearted Admiral consented.

It is said by J. K. L. that this was the most disgraceful event in our naval records. It was;—for the men who betrayed their officer, and broke their faith; but no shadow of that disgrace falls upon Benbow. No other English admiral was ever deserted by his captains and left to fight alone; but how many of them, had they been so betrayed, would have fought single-handed through five days and brought their flag-ship safe home at last? If Benbow had never been heard of before, this action alone was enough to give him a place in the hearts of his countrymen. That place he has held for two hundred years, and will continue to hold in spite of anything that modern critics can say.

As soon as possible after his return to Jamaica Benbow issued a commission to Rear-Admiral Whetstone and several captains to try the offenders by court-martial. Kirby was charged with cowardice, breach of orders, and neglect of duty; and was convicted upon the evidence of ten commissioned and eleven warrant officers. It was proved that after two or three broadsides he had kept out of gunshot; that his behaviour created so much apprehension that he intended to desert to the enemy, that the English were greatly discouraged in the engagement; that he repeatedly disregarded signals to keep in his station in the line; and that he had threatened to kill his boatswains for repeating the Admiral's command to fire. He had very little to say for himself, and was most deservedly

sentenced to be shot. Wade's own officers proved all the charges against him, and deposed moreover that he had been drunk during the whole of the engagement; he also received the death-sentence. Hudson, who was equally guilty, died a few days before his trial. Constable's officers disproved the charge of cowardice which was brought against him, but he was convicted on the other counts and was sentenced to be cashiered, and imprisoned during her Majesty's pleasure.

Vincent and Fog were then tried for signing, at Kirby's instigation, a paper by which they engaged themselves not to fight against the French. They pleaded that they were apprehensive that Kirby meant to desert to the enemy, and that they took this singular step in order to prevent it. Benbow got them off by declaring that they had behaved very gallantly during the action, and they were only suspended.

Though Kirby made little defence before the Court, he wrote long letters to the Secretary of the Admiralty, alleging that the defeat was due to the injudicious and ignorant conduct of the Admiral; and that the court-martial was only ordered because he dreaded inquiry into his own behaviour. This plea was contradicted by the evidence of the witnesses. The popular opinion may be gathered from a doggerel ballad published at the time.

Says Kirby unto Wade :

"I will run,
I value not disgrace,
Nor the losing of my place,
My enemies I'll not face
With a gun."

John Benbow died of his wounds at Port Royal on November 4th, 1702, in the fifty-first year of his age. He has been described as a rough

seaman, but there is little in his history to justify the description. *Rough* is the conventional adjective for a seaman, as *learned* for a judge, or *gallant* for an officer, and means as little. There is an excellent engraving in Owen and Blakeway's book, by J. Basire, after a portrait by Thomas Wageman, representing him as a man of about forty, handsome in face and figure. Long curling hair, which may be a wig, falls loosely on his shoulders; he wears a lace cravat and a plain cuirass; the right hand holds a drawn sword, with curved blade and cutlass-guard. The smooth shaven face shows plenty of determination, but the clean-cut features are singularly refined. He was very temperate, for it is recorded that none, even of his intimate associates, had ever seen him the worse for liquor; and he was uniformly considerate of the men whom he commanded.

Burchett's statement that "he was somewhat brisk with the gentlemen" when they showed signs of insubordination at Jamaica, has been held to imply "a good deal of coarse language." If, instead of this "rough seaman" of the seventeenth century, it had been an admiral of the present day who had found his officers slack in their obedience when the enemy's fleet was at sea, what then? It is, of course, terrible to contemplate the possibility of a British admiral venturing to treat gentlemen with briskness, or so far forgetting himself as to use language not to be found in any manual of polite conversation; but it is not unlikely that such offenders might hear some plain truths in very plain words. It would not be regarded as a serious offence, nor would the most delicately-minded officer be "goaded into the crimes" of mutiny and desertion in face of the enemy, by a few rough or even profane words

from a commander-in-chief. Yet this curious plea is urged, not to exonerate the captains, but to decry the admiral.

It is said that, only a few years later, our Army swore terribly in Flanders. No doubt they did their best; but it is generally allowed that the senior Service addressed a richer vocabulary to a larger audience. Borne by favouring gales, their polyglot profanity circumnavigated the globe, and gained something of variety and force from every port they visited. Everything that was unmentionable in four continents contributed its unholy piquancy to the mixture. It would be unjust to blame Benbow for a fault which was common to nearly the whole Service, even if he had been chief among the offenders, for his origin would excuse in him a coarseness which passed unproved among his betters. There is no evidence that his language to his mutinous captains was coarse; but a large number of people will be unregenerate enough to hope that his early training stood him in good stead, and that he said what was given to him in that hour.

Mr. Secretary Burchett, whose *NAVAL HISTORY* was published in 1720, asserts that it was Benbow's obvious duty to put the mutinous captains under arrest, and give the command of their ships to the first-lieutenants, who would have been certain to fight for the sake of earning promotion. It is beautiful and instructive to see how the trained official mind leaps to its unerring conclusion, and cuts the knot which caused poor Benbow so much trouble and anxiety. But Mr. Secretary Burchett furnishes a curious commentary on the incident in his own History. He takes the singular step of suppressing the names of these "unhappy gentlemen" for the sake of their relations. Probably he

thought, like Samuel Pepys, that "to have a nobleman's mouth open against a man, may do a man hurt," and was therefore unwilling to cause pain or annoyance to families of political importance. It is possible that the considerations which were strong enough to influence Mr. Burchett eighteen years after the event may have had some contemporary weight with Benbow, who was not absolutely ignorant of affairs at Court. What he said to his captains was a matter entirely between themselves; but if he superseded them he would be called upon to justify his action before a court-martial when he came home, and then political and family influence would have full play. We can form some idea of what the weight of that influence was from the pains which were taken to defeat it. Campbell says that Queen Anne "would not suffer herself to be teased into an ill-timed act of mercy," so, when the sentence of the court-martial was referred home for confirmation, death-warrants were sent to all the Western ports to await the arrival of the *BRISTOL*, which was bringing the condemned men home; in order that the executions might take place at once on board the ship, at the first English port she reached. They were not to be allowed to set foot ashore; and Kirby and Wade were accordingly shot on board the *BRISTOL* in Plymouth Sound on April 18th, 1704.

Taking into consideration all the conditions of his career as well as its incidents, is there any cause for wonder that Benbow's popularity should have survived him? At a time when coarseness and cruelty were unfortunately common in the Navy, and seamen were often treated like dogs, he earned a reputation for kindness and consideration. When most men were seeking their own advantage he trod the plain road of duty, turning neither to his right hand nor his left. When the Service was notoriously divided in its allegiance between the King who was plotting at St. Germain's and the King who was generally fighting in Flanders, Englishmen were not looking for a heaven-born admiral; what they wanted was a man who would be unflinchingly faithful to the government of the country as established by law, who could be relied on to do his duty to the best of his ability, and hit as hard as he was able. This was John Benbow's conception of a sailor's duty, and he died in the fulfilment of it.

There is a good deal of justice in Campbell's criticism of Burchett: "To be so tender of the Captains, and in the very same breath to attack obliquely the character of so worthy a man as Admiral Benbow does no great honour to his history."

W. J. FLETCHER.

OUR TITLE-DEEDS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

UPON a recent occasion Lord Milner alluded to the "campaign of calumny" that, apart from the shock of war, had been most persistently carried on against British government and British officials in South Africa. The particular methods of the campaign, founded on race-hatred and fostered by every conceivable kind of mendacity, whether flagrant or only half-expressed, will readily occur to us. Long since we have reduced them to their due proportions, but upon the Continent it has of course been far more difficult for readers and thinkers to know the truth. There Republicanism and the crude prepossessions of European revolutionaries have helped to swell the turbid stream of falsehood. Nothing has been spared, and even the title-deeds of Great Britain in South Africa have been assailed with the utmost acrimony and, it may be added, with the utmost unfairness.

It is a pity that, for the information not only of the British public everywhere, whether at home or across the seas, but also for European students of South African history, no really good and exhaustive work has yet been produced. Such little works as Hofstede's *HISTORY OF THE FREE STATE*, written in the time of President Brand under the auspices of the Volksraad of the Free State, have a virtue of their own, being published in Holland and in the Dutch language. But the account contained in this and similar works is necessarily fragmentary, while the history of South Africa in its early stages must be studied

as a whole or not at all. The writings of Noble and Wilmot, among Cape historians, throw much light upon the growth of representative institutions and of responsible government in the Cape Colony; but apparently, for the larger view and for the more remote documentary evidence of the beginnings of South African history we have to look to Dr. George Theal. Here, at first sight, we seem to have a historian imbued with the proper spirit of antiquarian research. The cry in these days is for original documents, and Dr. Theal comes before us as a delver among the archives of the Cape and the literary treasures of the Hague. Granted, however, this zeal in research, have we got after all even the simulacrum of a Freeman or a Stubbs? It may at once be said that, among those who have lived in South Africa and have narrowly watched the trend of events, there are many who have very seriously called in question Dr. Theal's judgments. These have lately been reinforced by a Canadian Professor at the Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario, and, therefore, very far removed from the perplexing field of South African politics. From a detached position Professor Cappon has turned a somewhat microscopic eye upon the early history of Cape Colony up to the days of the great Boer Trek in 1837. He has given us the results of his study in a most useful and informing work, *BRITAIN'S TITLE IN SOUTH AFRICA*, which should be read by everyone who desires to sift the truth about the beginnings of Cape history and the relative claims of Boer and

Briton. Just now, when the new era of political reconstruction is about to set in, it is absolutely necessary to realise the antecedents of this distressed land of South Africa. The problem of how to educate the Boers, how to tax them, whether by direct or indirect means, how to re-settle them upon the land, and by what tenure it shall be held,—these and all other problems can only be solved satisfactorily by a knowledge of past habits and of past influences. We must realise the hereditary and ingrained disposition of these new citizens of the Empire.

Within the limits of a brief article it would be impossible to touch upon more than one or two phases of the whole historical controversy that meets us on the very threshold of South African politics. In the first place let us take the point emphasised so strongly by Professor Cappon, the credibility of Dr. Theal as an exponent of certain broad features of South African history. Professor Cappon is plain-spoken and goes straight to the point with a colonial vigour which is most refreshing.

I am convinced [he says in his Preface] that Dr. Theal is by no means the safest of guides in this part of the Empire's history; it even seems to me that he has laboured to darken the British side of it; he has passed lightly or in silence over the characteristic merits of British rule, especially when tried by the standards of the times of which he is speaking; he has misunderstood or misrepresented its highest traditions, he has unfairly emphasised its defects and made as little as possible even of the economic and industrial advantages which it undoubtedly conferred on South Africa. And he has done this for the sake of setting the history of a special class of Boers in the best light, and of building up traditions of Boer history, which are certainly at variance both with these records and a common-sense analysis of facts.

In Appendix B. Professor Cappon hits yet more strongly from the

shoulder, and in his criticism of Dr. Theal's introduction to the fifth volume of the Records sums up his opinion thus: "It may be prejudice on my part, but it seems to me there is a kind of daring duplicity in Dr. Theal's way of stating things, which reminds one strongly of the worst side of the Boer character." His suspicion of the spirit that inspired Dr. Theal's histories was not lessened, he remarks, by the fact that his collaborator in these historical researches was F. W. Reitz, the present "Secretary" of the Transvaal and once President of the Orange Free State.

Professor Cappon has certainly made out a very strong case against Dr. Theal, and, point by point, he pitilessly exposes him. The task, he admits, would not have been so easy had not Dr. Theal himself supplied the axe for his own execution by sending to the Queen's University in Canada a set of the Records of Cape Colony consisting of a mass of original documents, including private and official letters, reports, investigations, and so forth. Professor Cappon has supplemented these by numerous quotations from Wilberforce Bird, Sir John Barrow, Sparrman, Thomas Pringle, and the proceedings of the various Missionary Societies in the land. It is clear that Dr. Theal writes with a great bias against the missionaries, and this is one of the points which Professor Cappon proves against him. But this controversy would need a whole chapter for itself and cannot be adequately examined here.

It may interest Professor Cappon to know that, in addition to the weapons of destructive criticism thus placed in his hands, there are numerous writings of Dr. Theal which are worth studying, dated many years ago, before the Boer Wars and before the existence of the Afrikaner Bond,

but which may still be read in old numbers of *THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE* and *THE CAPE QUARTERLY REVIEW*. In his "Chronicles of Cape Commanders" contributed to both those journals Dr. Theal was feeling his way to his larger histories of South Africa. He is also the author of *A COMPENDIUM OF SOUTH AFRICAN HISTORY AND GEOGRAPHY*, the third edition of which was printed in 1877 at Lovedale, the well-known Wesleyan Missionary-centre. Such casual contributions, also, as "A glance at the old Records of Swellendam" in *THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE* for March, 1879, and "A Hundred Years Ago," in *THE CAPE QUARTERLY REVIEW* (1881-2) are highly instructive, and, we were almost tempted to say, highly diverting, were not the subject too serious to be trifled with. At any rate, "A glance at the Records of Swellendam" would make Professor Cappon rub his eyes with astonishment. Is there one Dr. Theal, or are there two luminaries of that name in the world of South African history? A puzzled student of this gentleman's works once addressed a letter in 1893 to the office of the Agent-General for the Cape of Good Hope asking, in all innocence, whether the Dr. Theal who wrote the *COMPENDIUM* was the same Dr. Theal who wrote the later South African histories. The answer came back that there was but one George McCall Theal who was the author of all the books mentioned, and that he held the first clerkship in the Department of Native Affairs at Cape Town. The innocent enquirer after historical truth was more puzzled than ever.

We will now give one or two examples to show how Dr. Theal has changed his stand-point. In his account of the Schlacters Nek affair, written in the third volume of his larger and more recent work, Professor Cappon has pointed out

that Dr. Theal has enlarged in a very sensational way upon the incidents of that well-known affair out of which the enemies of British rule have made so much capital. It happened in 1815 on the eastern border of the colony where law was difficult to enforce, and, for all the importance it subsequently assumed, was no more than an ordinary police-court case, springing out of the illegal detention of a Hottentot servant by a Boer farmer called Frederick Bezuidenhout, a man who, in Professor Cappon's judgment, was "a wild cateran, with notions that would have made all decent government impossible." He resisted the officers of the law, took up arms against British rule and encouraged others to do the same. "They could die," wrote Dr. Theal, "but they would not submit to the shame of surrendering to the Hottentots. Such was their law of honour." In his later version of this unfortunate affair there is no mention of the fact that the police party was a combined body of troops and loyal Dutch burghers. Moreover, at the Cape, in times past, everyone knows that the Hottentots were long used as police serving under Dutch and British officers, and in carrying out the law as directed by a higher authority the notion of caste should not be allowed to intrude. To-day in the streets of Durban there are Kaffir constables with their knob-kerries, and at any circuit-court in Cape Colony coloured policemen can be seen as assessors, in their way, of the law and of the majesty of the law. The Boer's code of honour in the Bezuidenhout case was to pull the trigger at once upon the Hottentot police. Here, as it were by a flash, we have the whole historic attitude of the Boer towards the subject-races. Much of the stubbornness with which he fights now can be attributed to his dislike

of admitting, according to the British code, the coloured man to any social or political equality.

In addition to his English works Dr. Theal has written a Dutch history for the use and instruction of the Afrikaner youth, which differs somewhat from his history written for the *STORY OF THE NATIONS* series. How, then, does he use the Schlacters Nek incidents in this Dutch book? Commenting on the act of lawlessness he writes: "The spirit which impelled these two men, Frederick and Jan Bezuidenhout, to their way of acting, whatever name you give it, was the spirit which enabled the South African Boers to preserve their special civilisation in the remote lands of the Interior, and kept them from the degradation into which the Portuguese sank through recognising the coloured races as their equal." Dangerous claptrap, we say, considering the seed-bed upon which such sentiments would fall. The spirit that lived in the Bezuidenhouts lives now in those roving ruffians who are shooting down our native guides and scouts in cold blood for the sole reason that they are natives. But let us test Dr. Theal by some of his earlier sentiments and we shall detect two voices and two ideas in this champion of historical accuracy.

In his *COMPENDIUM* of 1877, which we suppose Professor Cappon has not seen, there are no heroics at all. The incident of Schlacters Nek is described in a prosaic way.

Communications with the insurgents were entered into with a view of preventing bloodshed. A loyal burgher, Field Commandant William Nel (a Dutchman), visited their camp and endeavoured to open their eyes to the perilous position in which they had placed themselves, and tried to induce them to throw themselves upon the mercy of the Government. To counteract any impression this worthy burgher might make, the

rebel leader, calling all his followers together at Schlacters Nek, caused them to form a circle and then exacted from them an oath that they would remain faithful to one another and never lay down their arms till the British were expelled from the frontier districts. As soon as this became known, further attempts at pacification were considered useless, and a movement was made by a combined body of troops and loyal burghers which resulted in the surrender of about thirty of the rebels. . . . A few of the more desperate contrived to keep together and fled towards Kaffirland. These were surrounded in a deep kloof in the Winterberg by a detachment of the Cape Corps where, as they refused to surrender, it became necessary to fire upon them. Their leader, John Bezuidenhout, was shot dead and several of the party were severely wounded, but they were not seized till one soldier was killed and another disabled. Eight prisoners were then made, one of them a woman and another a boy fourteen years of age, both of whom were arrested with guns in their hands. With their capture ended one of the most insane attempts at rebellion ever recorded.

The italics, it should be said, are our own. Dr. Theal then proceeds to describe the place and method of execution, and notices the fact that a great number of people from all parts of the frontier begged for mercy. "But," he adds, "the Government felt it was necessary to show these people so long accustomed to anarchy that they *must* [the italics here are Dr. Theal's] be obedient to the laws and that mercy in such cases as this could not be granted." This view, we hold, was the sound one, and it is very much the same as that taken by Judge Cloete in his lectures. But why has Dr. Theal given us two different pictures? Why, in his later account and in his Dutch History meant for the Afrikaner youth, is there that particular colouring and interpretation? Is there any especial reason why this South African historian who when writing for the *STORY OF THE NATIONS* has professed

to be "guided by the principle that truth should be told regardless of nationalities or parties," should leave out certain essential facts such as the presence of loyal Dutch burghers at the capture, the participation of a Dutch judge, a Dutch landdrost, and a Dutch clerk? Again, why does Dr. Theal depart from the simplicity of his early account and in his later history enlarge upon the heroism of the woman who was present as follows: "His wife, Martha Faber, a true South African country-woman, in this extremity showed that the Batavian blood had not degenerated by change of clime. She stepped to the side of her husband, saying, 'Let us die together,' and as he discharged one gun, loaded another for his use. What more could even Kenau Hasselaer have done?" How strange it seems that the heroism of this woman, in what Dr. Theal first described as "one of the most insane attempts at rebellion ever recorded," should only have been revealed to him as an after-thought and when many years had elapsed! No doubt the heroisms were well enough for the newly found purpose in hand which, according to Dr. Cappon, was to build up legends. But what confidence can we give to an author who, so far as we know, without a word of public recantation, gives us such opposite impressions?

To turn to another broad feature of South African history, and the question of the advantages or otherwise that accrued to the Cape from the change to British occupation in 1795. We shall find that Dr. Theal speaks here too with a double voice and with a double intention. Sophocles tells us in a well-known line that the after-thought belies the first judgment. In the case of Dr. Theal we think the after-thought is bad and the first judgment the best.

In March, 1897, Dr. Theal con-

tributed a paper to *THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE* entitled "A Glance at the old Records of Swellendam." Swellendam was the name of a large outlying Dutch district in the early days, so named and defined in October, 1747, by the old Dutch Government. It included the whole country bordering on the sea from the Breede River eastward as far as there were European settlements. Dr. Theal dated his paper from Swellendam, January 8th, 1879, and was evidently on a tour of research; for we cordially concede to him a long-standing love of examining archives and old papers. It is interesting to notice his impressions after a study of the Swellendam papers which carried him on to 1795 and the date of the first British occupation. We feel sure that Professor Cappon would like to know the first mind of Dr. Theal in this sphere of research.

In this enormous expanse of territory [the Swellendam district] the farmers were thinly scattered about and were almost entirely cut off from a knowledge of what was going on in the outside world. They were living under a government which prohibited, under the most terrible penalties, anything like commercial intercourse with each other or with strangers. The price of everything was fixed by law, even to putting a spoke into a broken wagon-wheel. These are not mere assertions, for the documentary evidence upon which they rest is beyond all contradiction. Some of the sentences recorded and carried out in those days were so brutal, so horribly ferocious, that even after the lapse of a century and a quarter one cannot read them without shuddering.

It was suspected at this time that the burghers sold ivory stealthily to the captains and crews of the vessels which from time to time put into Table Bay, and the following stringent regulations were accordingly passed. Anyone detected selling or disposing of ivory in any manner or to any person whatever, was condemned to pay a fine of £66 13s. 4d., in

addition to £6 13s. 4d. for every tusk so sold, and to be sent immediately from South Africa to Europe. The purchaser was to be punished in the same way. Any sergeant, corporal, or soldier of the patrol who should, through want of proper diligence, allow so much as a single tusk to pass the barrier by day or by night, except to the Company's magazine, should be severely whipped on the bare back, branded, and serve ten years in chains. These barbarous laws were passed by Governor Ryk Tulbagh.

Then came the era of the first British occupation and the following notice was promulgated by General Craig, which Dr. Theal quotes admiringly (in 1877).

The monopoly and the oppression hitherto practised for the profit of the East India Company is at an end. From this day forward there is free trade and a free market. Everyone may buy from whom he will, sell to whom he will, employ whom he will, and come and go whenever and wherever he chooses, by land or by water.

The inhabitants are invited to send their cattle, etc., to Capetown, where they are at liberty to sell the same in such a manner as they may find best and most profitable for themselves.

No new taxes will be levied; such as are at present in existence will be taken under consideration, and those which are found to be oppressive to the people will be done away with.

The paper money shall continue to hold its value, but the English make their payments in hard coin.

Lastly, the inhabitants of the different districts are invited by the English Commander, if there is any subject which has not been explained to them, to choose fit persons and send them to Capetown for the purpose of conferring with him upon such subject.

J. H. Craig, *Major-General and Commander.*

In the Castle of Good Hope,

This 18th of September, 1795.

Dr. Theal (of 1877) notes in his COMPENDIUM that as a consequence

of the first British occupation the revenue increased so rapidly that it was found more than adequate to meet the expenditure: in 1798 it was £64,000; in 1801 it had risen to £90,000.

Yet no new tax was laid upon the people during the whole of this period and many of the old ones were considerably modified, so that this great increase, which made the revenue more than three times as much as it had been during the last years of the Netherlands East India Company, was entirely owing to the general prosperity which had been occasioned by the change from an arbitrary and decrepit government to a benevolent and strong one.

This is a very strong indictment against Dutch rule, and so late as October, 1882, when Dr. Theal's conversion does not seem to have been quite completed, we read in an article contributed to THE CAPE QUARTERLY REVIEW under the title of "A Hundred Years Ago," that the Dutch officials, from the Governor Joachim van Plettenberg down to the humblest clerk, were acting as if personal emolument was their sole object. Many of them were shamelessly corrupt. The farmer who brought his produce to the Company's magazines for sale was compelled to pay a bribe before he could discharge his waggon and another before he received his purchase money. The people were compelled to submit to the rule of men who required the door to favour, and even to justice, to be opened with a golden key, while, in the outlying districts, beyond the reach of the fiscal's arm, the colonists were in a state little better than anarchy.

Exactly so, and this was the atmosphere in which such wild lawless spirits as John Bezuidenhout were reared, men who never would own any law but their own. The moral blame for such ineffective citizenship must

lie at the door of the effete Dutch Government at Cape Town which, in its shameless spirit of bribery and corruption, reminds us of the late governing clique at Pretoria.

How could such colonists develop any kind of civic or corporate feeling? Dr. Theal (of 1877) supplies us with a very good instance of their absolute incapacity to help one another or meet even the rude wants of their nascent society.

One of the prominent grievances of the time [1790-95] was a tax for the maintenance of a pontoon on the Breede River. Every holder of a farm in the district [of Swellendam] was required to pay ten shillings and eightpence yearly for that purpose, whether he used the pontoon or not. To many of them this seemed a gross injustice, and they used very strong language about it. Their petitions on this subject were strange mixtures of requests, demands, and biblical arguments. At length, in 1792, one of these petitions proved so offensive that the complainants were informed by the [Dutch] Governor and the [Dutch] Council of Policy that if they did not pay the tax their farms would be forfeited and given to those who would pay it, and furthermore, the Landdrost and Heemraad were instructed to prosecute the authors of the seditious paper before the High Court of Justice.

Judge Watermeyer informs us that at this time there were no roads at all in the colony. Bridges were unknown with the exception of a bridge over the Laurens River, in Stellenbosch, built by a patriotic individual named Grimpen, who, together with his descendants, were exempted by the Dutch Government from the performance of burgher service. A bridge over the same river, erected by Governor van der Stell for the purposes of his farms at Hottentots Holland, was suffered to fall into decay. This was almost within view of Cape Town and the Castle!

Dr. Theal has provided us in his Swellendam paragraphs with a most

apt and typical illustration of Boer life. Wherever the Boers have gone they have disliked anything in the shape of direct taxation, even in the smallest thing. They are absolutely deficient in the corporate or civic spirit, and indeed we cannot wonder at this, taking into consideration their roving life. What the Boers of Swellendam were at the close of the eighteenth century such were the Boers of the Transvaal at the close of the nineteenth, and such they are now. As a practical maxim it will be well for the South African administrators of the immediate future to remember that the Boers have a most inveterate dislike of the tax-gatherer in a concrete form. Indirect taxation is a different matter. Let them direct their fiscal police accordingly.

After Dr. Theal's survey of the state of Swellendam and the corrupt regime of the Dutch East Indian Company, published in 1877, the following extract from the Records (1883-6, p. 101) dealing with the effects of the first British occupation, is, to say the least of it, remarkable:

To produce an effect there must be a cause. Setting aside the few individuals within the official circle, what cause had the South African Colonists in 1803 for attachment to Great Britain? . . . They had a larger market for their produce, but it unfortunately happened that during a considerable portion of the first English period the seasons were so bad that there was little or nothing to sell. A so-called Senate, composed entirely of mixed burghers and officials, was a gain, but its power was extremely limited. That the reform in the method of paying Civil Servants, relief from the irritating auction-tax on petty accounts, the abolition of a few monopolies such as the sale of meat, combined with a better market, surely did not form sufficient cause to turn the affections of the people from their own mother-country to another land where sympathy with them was entirely wanting.

In answer to this, we refer Dr. Theal to his description of "the general prosperity which had been occasioned by the change from the arbitrary and decrepit [Dutch] government to a benevolent and strong [British] one." Well may Professor Cappon write: "After having covered up and disguised the fact [the benefits of British administration] as much as possible for many years in his histories, Dr. Theal permits himself at length to express himself in the following ungracious manner." And then he quotes the aforesaid passage in the Records.

It is a long task to follow Dr. Theal through his chequered historical career, and to note anything like all his inconsistencies. On many points he doubles back on himself like a hare, till it were as easy to pursue the cunning Boer up one of his native kloofs. There is one character in the history of the Dutch occupation, Governor Ryk Tulbagh, whom he blames by implication in *THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE* when describing the slave-code of 1754, and the evil system of laws under which the colonists then lived. Upon other occasions he lauds the same official to the skies, as the "good old Dutch Governor," the ruler of a kind of Golden Age at the Cape. Let us turn to original documents and see what we find. Judging of Tulbagh by his domestic legislation, a more pompous Pharisee and more ridiculous Jack-in-office never lived; weighed by his native policy, and especially the aforesaid slave-code, a more bloodthirsty bigot never abused the trust given him.

Let us take his petty and vexatious domestic policy first. This has been abundantly illustrated and exposed by Judge Watermeyer in his admirable essays, too little known and seldom quoted.

Father Tulbagh was a great stickler for what he considered to be the proprieties. In his days every man was supposed to uncover his head as he passed Government House whether his Excellency was at home or not, and it was the special occupation of certain dames, wives of men high in office, to sit invisible behind the window-blinds to take note of passers-by who neglected the obsequious bow to the unseen magnate. No one below the rank of a junior merchant, and the wives and daughters of those only who are or who have been members of any Council, shall venture to use umbrellas. Another law restricted the use of embroidered silk dresses to the wives of junior merchants, while no woman, married or single, without distinction, was allowed, whether in mourning or out of mourning, to wear dresses with a train, under a penalty of twenty-five rix-dollars. These are rather surprising sumptuary laws for the latter half of the eighteenth century. But perhaps the climax of official arrogance was reached when it was required that "every person, without exception, should stop his carriage and get out of it, when he saw the Governor approach, and should likewise get out of the way so as to allow a convenient passage to the carriage of any of the Court of Policy." These extravagances let in a flood of light upon the spirit of the Dutch Company and of the state of society prevalent there before the British occupation. There is nothing in the world more vulgar and offensive than the pride of the *koopman* elevated into a responsible position. This Dutch society at the Cape, surrounded by inferior races, had little or no self-respect. The lines which divided it were arbitrary and superficial, and laid down with regard to a purely mercantile and material consideration only. The

test was the *koopman's* test, and even the Dutch Reformed clergyman took his place at the board according to this vulgar law of precedence.

Yet his Excellency might have been heartily welcome to his ridiculous etiquette had he left the wretched natives of South Africa alone. But against them he fulminated the most terrible edicts. Not content with the ban of excommunication against the living, he persecuted the dead and carried distinctions of race and caste beyond the grave.

Let us take some specimens of the slave-code drawn up by "good old Father Tulbagh," in 1752. Any male or female slave who should raise his or her hand, though without weapons, against master or mistress, was condemned to death without mercy. Every slave found at the entrance of a church, when the congregation was leaving, was to be severely flogged by the ministers of justice. Any slave, big or little, found within a churchyard at the time of a funeral was to be severely flogged. Not more than ten pair of slaves at the most should follow the corpse of a dead slave to its burial, the number to be regulated by the rank of the owner of the deceased in the Honourable Company, by whom a fine equal to £5 was to be paid if the rule was transgressed. In many cases slaves were to be flogged at once by the officers of justice without any trial. What does Dr. Theal think of all this? In one passage of his history, he writes: "Never since the days of Father Tulbagh had a South African Governor been as popular as Sir Benjamin d'Urban." Poor Sir Benjamin! There has been enough bitterness over his frontier policy and enough misconception also in the past; he might have been spared this insult at the hand of the historian of South Africa. The spirit of Father Tulbagh lives in the land

still, but it must be the desire of everyone who loves freedom and fair play to see it exorcised. It was enshrined in the *Grond Wet* of the Constitutions of the late Republics which denied equality in Church and State to the coloured people of South Africa. These Republics have gone, and those who have built up legends for them deserve to go too, dishonoured and forgotten.

If there is any doubt as to the relative value of Boer and British rule in South Africa, we would refer our readers to the weighty words of Judge Watermeyer (not an Englishman by extraction) who thus sums up the advantages which accrued to the Cape Colony, his own country, by British occupation.

At the end of the last century, after one hundred and forty-three years of existence, the domination of the East India Company fell at the Cape of Good Hope. . . . For the last fifty years of their rule here there is little to which the examiner of our records can point with satisfaction. The effect of this pseudo-colonisation was that the Dutch, as a commercial nation, destroyed commerce. The most industrious race of Europe, they repressed industry. One of the freest States in the world, they encouraged a despotic misrule, in which falsely called free citizens were enslaved. These men, in their turn, became tyrants. Utter anarchy was the result. Some national feeling may have lingered; but, substantially, every man in the country, of every hue, was benefited when the incubus of the tyranny of the Dutch East India Company was removed.

Since then the advancement of the colony has been so marvellous, says the same authority, that we read of those dark ages almost with incredulity. There was a certain gleam of penitence in the three years' government of de Mist and Janssens, after the British example during the first occupation; but this spasmodic fit throws into greater relief the de-

pressing gloom of the reigns of such incapable governors as von Plettenberg and, we must add, such inhuman tyrants as "good old Father Tulbagh."

One word more on Great Britain's title to South Africa, and this arising from a money consideration, not the highest we grant, but one that may appeal to the *koopman's* mind. After the Treaty of Paris Great Britain gave the Dutch £6,000,000 of money for the Cape, returning to them Java and the Spice Islands. This was the first outlay. Then came the Kaffir and frontier wars, during which Sir William Molesworth stated before a Parliamentary Committee (July 31st, 1855,) that our military expenditure at the Cape reached nearly £500,000 a year. In March, 1883, Mr. Gladstone, speaking on the subject of the proposed expedition into Bechuana-land under Sir Charles Warren, calculated that the Kaffir wars had cost England twelve millions of money. And what are Sekukuni expeditions, Kaffir bush-fights, and even Zulu campaigns, in comparison with Boer Wars?

In addition to war-expenses, there has been the initial cost of settling emigrants of British extraction on South African soil. In 1819, on the motion of Mr. Vansittart, a sum of £90,000 of public money was voted for the Albany settlers, those stalwart men who laid the foundations of Port Elizabeth and the Eastern Province. Later on, after the Crimean War, three and twenty hundred men of the German Legion were settled at King

William's Town and the neighbourhood at an average cost to the State of £100 per head, men, women and children. Of the charges for the defence of the Low Countries in the Napoleonic Wars which formed the basis of the transfer of the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope, Demerara, Berbice, and Essequibo to Great Britain, it is not necessary to speak. They alone from an international point of view made England's title absolutely incontestable. Nor need we refer to that odd million or so given by the British public as compensation for the slaves. We repeat that this pecuniary consideration is not everything, for in the examination of our title-deeds to Empire we look for some loftier credentials than this; but the fact remains that far too little has been made of it. Where, for instance, in the works of Dr. Theal do we find England's case put in this light? Enough and more than enough has been made of England's delinquencies and of England's official backslidings, but little notice has been taken of the unfortunate British tax-payer who, from time to time, has had to pay the bill. The Cape colonists and, indeed, the Boers generally, have been the most lightly taxed people in the world, and practically have spent little or nothing in the conquest and settlement of their own lands. Do the champions of the Boer realise, or indeed wish to realise, this injustice of a century? Is the British tax-payer always to pay, the Boer always to reap the harvest?